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EVERYONE LIVES AT OUR HOUSE

IN the household of the Edwin Reids, the day took its first shape with anticipation, faith, anguish and resentment stirring side by side. Edwin showered, shaved, unwrapped his new tie. Rather fancy, he thought, as he viewed the tie in the light of morning—but your only son didn't come home every day with a new wife.

He hoped Sandy was not being sent overseas right away. In the circumstances, you couldn't blame these youngsters for getting married.

Both he and Elizabeth had calmly agreed to make the best of Sandy's marriage to a girl they had never seen, and to make Sue as welcome as they knew how. The girl looked nice in the snapshots Sandy had sent home—why, they didn't need to worry about having Sandy bring his wife home any more than they worried about having Anne here while her husband was in the Army.

Of course, Elizabeth had cleaned the house from top to bottom, and dressed herself all out in the process. He had told her last night to stay in bed this morning and let Violet do the work. What were they paying her for, anyway?

Downstairs in the kitchen Violet was starting breakfast. She had a headache and a lame back. And as she put milk for Anne's baby on the stove, she grumbled to herself: Mr Anne, she can't do nothin' with that cryin' baby now because she has some trouble of her own. It's in her face, that trouble—an' her own mother don't see her face.

Upstairs in the room that had been hers before her marriage to Warren Turton, Anne coaxed the baby to take some prune juice from a spoon. "Please, darling—please, this is very good." She was a tall, fair girl with smooth hair that fell close to her thin cheeks. Her face looked pale and tired—as if she had slept badly.

Her thoughts raced desperately back and forth. Warren, what is wrong with us? I've got to know you've got to write, to tell me something. I've written and written, and the other day I finally had to wire you. I just can't stand this any longer. . . . you've got to answer my wire! I'm your wife, darling, and I love you, really love you. You couldn't just stop loving me, darling, could you? I know you said once you didn't love me, but that was before the baby was born.

The baby pushed the spoon away again and looked at his young mother with solemn attention. This was a pretty good kind of game and he liked the gentle pleading voice that was music for his moods and mottos. All he had to do was push away the spoon and the game went on pleasantly.

"Please, darling, be a good baby." Suddenly he was disconcerted because the game wasn't going right—that one on whom he depended for everything had dropped the spoon, and was crying. Uncertainty came into his life then, a thing without form, a dreadful thing unlike the dear familiar spoon. The baby cried, and Anne held him close in her arms. "Precious, don't cry. I won't ever let you see me in tears again. I promise."

Elizabeth finished her dressing. She was tired, yes, but things were in wonderful order for Sandy and Sue. She wished they might have waited until things were more

settled. But any marriage at any time had to be undertaken with unknown quantities of faith and hope. Edwin had borrowed the money for their honeymoon.

Elizabeth was still smiling at some memory as she went downstairs. At the foot of the stairs she turned toward the living-room, and paused in the doorway, looking about with eagerness and satisfaction. I hope Sue will like the way we look, she thought. I hope she will feel at home here. I'd like to have her stay for the rest of the summer.

It seemed that Sue's was a large family. That had appealed to Sandy. He liked things lively. Probably Sue was gay, talkative . . . like Anne had been. A shadow came between Elizabeth and the pleasant room. What was wrong there—why didn't Warren write to Anne more often? Her musings were interrupted by Edwin, who called out to ask if she were coming in to breakfast.

"I thought I said you were to stay in bed," he said as she sat down at the table with him.

"Yes, dear, but there are some things I want to do."

Elizabeth said good-morning to Violet, who was bringing in her tea and the letters. Then she sorted her mail. There was a letter for Edwin from his brother Fred. One for herself from her brother Claude and his wife Sally. And last, there was an airmail for Anne from Warren. Elizabeth set that letter carefully in place so that it would be visible at first glance when Anne came down to breakfast.

She opened her own letter with a sense of pleasure. Sally and Claude wrote good letters; they made everything sound cheerful. They made high adventure out of their struggle with the farm, but they hadn't got things going soon enough this year.

The letter admitted, Elizabeth read on with growing uneasiness. She glanced at Edwin, who was still reading his paper. No use to put off telling him—it was better to get the news over to him before Sandy and Sue arrived. . . . Besides, it would take a few weeks for Edwin to get used to the idea that Claude was planning to come back into Edwin's office for the winter.

"Sally and Claude write that they think they will come back here before long," she said.

"Made enough to live on during the winter?" said Edwin, making a long fold in the paper.

"Well, no . . . I think that Claude hopes you can take him back into the real estate office until next spring."

Edwin made a horizontal gesture with emphasis. "I'm not going to have Claude back in the office. You might as well know that right now, Elizabeth. And Claude, too. He never earned his salary; in fact, he got us into no end of trouble with the clients."

"But they can't keep on, Edwin. They haven't enough money."

"He's been talking for years about four acres. He said if I helped him buy that, he could be self-sustaining. So I helped him get his four acres, and now he can stay there. Tell him so."

Please turn to page 4

"This is Sue. You'll love her," Sandy said, his arm around his mother.





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Everyone Lives at Our House

Continued from page 3

NOW Edwin was opening his own letter, and Elizabeth let him read it in silence. "Fred writes that mother would like to come and stay with us for a while," said Edwin, folding his letter. "That is, Fred says Julia is not very well and may have to have an operation. Mother gets on her nerves a little..."

As if I didn't know that, thought Elizabeth. Her glance met Edwin's briefly, with understanding. Fred had the family home and his mother's money invested in his business. In return, it had been understood that the older Mrs. Reid was to make her home with him. But her visits to Elizabeth and Edwin were coming offener and for longer periods. It's going to end with her living with us, thought Elizabeth. She's worn Julia down; and she gets more difficult all the time.

Still, she was a good mother even if she wasn't very tactful. I can't say no. "I'll write Julia that Monday is all right," she said.

Edwin was leaving now. He put a hand on Elizabeth's shoulder. "Remember I'm not promising anything about Claude. Let him look elsewhere first."

This was surrender on the installment plan—a procedure with which Elizabeth was well acquainted. There would be several more flare-ups, but in the end Edwin would do something about Claude. "Thank you, dear," she said, and reached up to kiss his cheek.

When she was alone, Elizabeth made her toast and coffee last a long time. She wanted to see Anne's face light up when she saw the letter waiting. Anne appeared at last. "Good morning, mother."

"Good morning, dear. Here's a letter for you..." Elizabeth took up the paper Edwin had dropped and pretended interest in that. Warren's letter must have been a long one, for Anne was taking considerable time to read it. But she said nothing as she read, nothing at all. Elizabeth heard the letter return to its envelope. Anne rose abruptly from the table.

"Excuse me, mother."

"Why, yes, dear." Then the question rushed out unbidden. "Is there any chance of Warren getting leave?"

"He didn't mention leave," Anne said quietly. "only a divorce..."

The paper fell apart in Elizabeth's hands. "A divorce..." Warren wants you to get a divorce? But why?

"He wants to be free," said Anne tonelessly.

"Free for what? Is there someone else—someone he has met while away?"

"He says there isn't anyone else. He just doesn't love me, and he says that he realises he could never come back to our marriage. He wants to go to South America, and he doesn't want any ties... He's sorry..." Suddenly Anne's voice broke. She stumbled toward her chair again. For a long time her bitter weeping filled the pleasant sun-drenched room.

At four-thirty they were all at the station—Edwin walking nervously about, Elizabeth standing quietly near Anne. Outwardly, Anne was calm. "I'll get through Sandy's stay," she had said. "I won't break down. They don't need to know—not yet."

"Of course not," her mother had agreed. Elizabeth hadn't told Edwin either. Sue and Sandy were going to be here for five days, and for that short time the matter had best be kept between her and Anne.

"Train's coming," said Edwin needlessly. Elizabeth let Anne keep pace with him along the platform; Anne must not feel left out to-day.

Elizabeth's breath tilted at the sudden sight of Sandy. He had stepped off the train, and was turning to give his hand to a girl.

Elizabeth hurried toward them. Then Sandy was reaching for her, and for a moment he was her same tall boy, wondrously happy to see her, knowing he had her understanding and co-operation. With his arm still around her, he said,

"Mother, this is Sue. You'll love her!"

"We're glad to have you here, Sue," said Elizabeth quickly, as she grasped the girl's hand. Oddly, Elizabeth felt that Sue was much more composed than herself.

During dinner, Sandy made plans to take Sue to call on his closest friends, the Parkers.

Sue smiled at him but said nothing. She did not return much of Sandy's banter, Elizabeth saw. Elizabeth wondered if Sue would unbend to Sandy's friends. Not that I'm finding any fault with her, thought Elizabeth quickly. She's attentive and agreeable. But we might be people sitting in a dining car when Sandy had casually engaged in conversation.

"We should love to hear something about your wedding, Sue," Elizabeth said.

The girl answered politely. "We were sorry you couldn't be there. It was only a small wedding—just the family."

"What do you mean, a small wedding?" said Sandy. "I was sure there were at least five hundred people looking at me. I was never so frightened in all my life."

"You didn't seem frightened," Sue told him seriously.

That was all Elizabeth heard about the wedding.

"Sue seemed like a nice little girl," Edwin said later when he and Elizabeth were alone.

"Yes. I think she is very nice," Elizabeth said. "I was afraid you were going to tell Sandy about Claude at dinner."

"Something interrupted me."

"Yes. I did. We don't need to explain about Claude until Sue knows us better."

"How is she going to know us better if we don't say much except 'Pass the sugar'?"

"Edwin, you know what I mean. I don't want the family held up to ridicule before Sue gets to know and like us. That is, assuming that she'll like us."

"Why shouldn't she like us—we're not repulsive. At least you and Anne aren't. By the way, didn't Anne have a letter from Warren this morning? What did he have to say?"

The question was too direct to ignore. So Elizabeth told him rather cautiously what the letter had been, expecting him to blow up before she had finished the telling. But he heard all she had to say in silence. Then he said gravely:

"But Warren must have some sense of responsibility—some feeling Anne could appeal to. What about the baby?"

"He said he would contribute to the support of the baby, but Anne doesn't want him to, if she divorces him."

"Now, Elizabeth, that's utter nonsense! I'm going up to have a talk with her. She isn't going to rush ahead with this too fast—not if I know it. If she loves him as much as you say, I don't see why she's so willing to cut loose. Maybe he'll come to his senses some day."

"She says he's more likely to come back to her if she lets him go."

"Where did she get an idea like that? She had better know exactly where she stands before she goes ahead with a divorce. Anne isn't fitted to earn a living, much less support a child. And I may not live forever, Elizabeth. You're going to need what I've got... I'm going up to see her."

"Edwin, please, not to-night, Anne is too tired, too emotional to know what she wants to do. Let her think about it for a while, and please don't talk about it at all while Sandy and Sue are here. She wouldn't have Sue know yet for anything, and neither would I."

"Sue's going to hear about this some time—she's bound to."

"I know, but let's not air our troubles on her very first visit."

"Well, all right. But I think Anne's being dramatic about this thing. The time has come for her to be realistic. She can't just float around on the theory that he may come back. The child has some rights in this, after all."

"Talk to her next week then. My idea is that if she once divorces Warren, she may not want him back. But she's got to make her own decisions."

The days went by quickly. Smoothly, Elizabeth was grateful for the smoothness. Edwin kept his counsel and his temper. Anne managed to be brightly talkative at meals. Elizabeth felt quite sure that Sue was enjoying herself. Sue and Sandy went swimming every day. And in the evenings they went out with Sandy's friends. Like a well-mannered guest, Sue had offered to help in the house. Elizabeth had turned the offer aside kindly. "Thank you, dear, but we are pretty well organised. There's nothing for you to do except enjoy your time with Sandy."

Elizabeth had a buffet supper on Saturday evening for both younger and older friends of the family. Sue was prettier than ever in a flower-splashed white jersey. She was charming to the oldest guests, friendly to the right degree, easy with Sandy's crowd. Elizabeth's own friends complimented her sincerely on Sandy's choice. But I haven't won her confidence, thought Elizabeth. If only I could show her that we were really her friends. What gesture could she make?

On Sunday Elizabeth had her chance. The family had all driven out to the shore cottage, a crisp, snug spot built to enjoy sun or rain. It was essentially a young place, gay with pottery and bright plaid curtains. Elizabeth saw that Sue was enchanted with the house. She seemed to love the sand and water like a child. Toward the end of the day when they were packing the hamper they had brought down, Elizabeth said, "Sue, you and Sandy must take this place over when Sandy returns. We've outgrown it, and it will be just right for you."

"We won't live near enough to use it," said Sue.

"Have you decided that definitely?" Elizabeth asked.

"Oh, yes, I'd rather live near home."

"I'm afraid Edwin will be very much disappointed that Sandy hasn't talked things over with him before making his plans," said Elizabeth. "There's business enough here for Sandy—if he wants it."

"Sandy wouldn't want to make any promises about it until after the war," said Sue.

Only to you, thought Elizabeth. You seem to have detached him from us without much struggle. We aren't important to you because you won't be seeing much of us any more. "We're not trying to exact any promises from either of you," she said, trying to keep the weariness out of her voice. "Sandy has a background here that might give him a better start, but you must make your own decisions, of course."

"That's the way we took it," said Sue in a sensible voice.

Elizabeth said no more. Under Sue's sweet manner was a clear-cut purpose and will already trained upon the easy-going Sandy. It's probably all right, thought Elizabeth, but we've lost him. Sue's taken over and we aren't going to have any place in their lives. Suddenly Elizabeth felt old and defeated. Sandy was leaving to-morrow night. This might be his last visit home. She must keep things smooth till he left.

Granny arrived on Monday noon, a few hours before Sandy was to leave. Sandy and Sue met her train, and as usual Granny entered the house leaving in her wake a few pungent observations. "You're quite a bit greyer, Elizabeth, aren't you? And Anne looks peaked."

Oh, dear, thought Elizabeth, why must she be so personal? Why does she go on this way? It must make Sue wish her visit had ended before Granny came. Yet after lunch when the older woman got ready to take a nap in the living-room, it was Sue who covered her with the old steamer rug—Sue who put Granny's glasses carefully aside. The girl showed a kind of gentleness Elizabeth hadn't suspected in her.

Please turn to page 10



Days and Nights

By . . .

KONSTANTINE SIMONOV

FOUR more days went by, filled with the shriek of dive-bombers, the dull, thudding sound of shells, and the dry machine-gun crackle of German counter-attacks. Only on the ninth day was there something resembling stillness.

Saburov lay down soon after darkness fell, but the telephone woke him after three hours' sleep. Babchenko, who did not like his subordinates to sleep when he was awake, had ordered the soldier on watch to wake Saburov.

He stood up from the cot and walked to the telephone.

"Were you asleep?" Babchenko said into the telephone in a far-away voice.

"Yes."

"Sleeping. Is everything in order?"

"Everything is in order," Saburov said, feeling that with every second of this maddening conversation sleep was running away from him in little drops.

"Have you taken measures against a possible night attack?"

"They've been taken."

"Well then, go and sleep."

And Babchenko hung up the telephone.

From the way Saburov sighed, Maslennikov, who had also awak-

ened and was sitting on the bed across from him, could imagine pretty clearly the content of the conversation, and could guess that the captain felt even angrier than usual.

"The lieutenant-colonel?" Maslennikov asked.

Saburov silently nodded, and tried again to lie down and fall asleep, but as often happens during days of particular tiredness, sleep would not return.

After lying still for several minutes, Saburov swung his bare feet on to the floor, lit a cigarette, and for the first time looked carefully round the room in which his battalion headquarters had been located for several days.

On the oilcloth covering the table there were two freshly burned rings; one bigger, obviously from a frying-pan, and the other smaller, from a coffee pot. Probably the owner of the apartment had sent his family away in advance, and during the last days had lived here an unaccustomed bachelor's life.

Blast had broken the glass doors of the sideboard, and it had nothing to say about who had lived here, because everything had been stripped from it. But on the writing table were many traces of the life of an entire family. There were needles with unfinished knitting, a pile of technical magazines, several dog-eared volumes of Chekhov, some old

readers, and one neat, new package of school books.

One child's Russian-language notebook caught Saburov's eye, and he began to turn over its pages. On the first page began an essay: "How We Went to the Mill." "Yesterday we went to the mill. We saw how they make flour . . ." In one of the words a letter had been crossed out, written differently, again crossed out, and written the way it should have been.

Maslennikov was sitting opposite him and swinging his legs. He also reached for the pile of notebooks and slowly leafed through them. Then he began to talk fitfully about his own childhood.

Absent-mindedly listening to him, and dreamily recalling his own past at the same time, Saburov slowly rolled a cigarette, placed it neatly in a holder, and lit it. Maslennikov finally grew silent, then began to speak again, this time about love.

"And you, have you been in love?" he ended by asking Saburov suddenly.

"Love?" Saburov grew thoughtful, inhaled deeply, and closed his eyes. Love. Was it really true that there had never been any in his life . . . ?

He said: "I don't know. I guess I haven't been . . ."

He stood up from the couch and walked back and forth across the

To his own surprise Saburov bent over and kissed her gently.

room. "No, it can't be true that I won't ever fall in love," he thought. "More likely, I just haven't yet, but it can't be true that I won't some time."

Suddenly he recalled the words of the girl on the little steamer, about how she feared death most of all because she hadn't been in love, and how he shouldn't be afraid because he was already grown up, and probably had experienced everything.

"No, not everything," he thought. "Not everything. How much there is to live through, and how little of life I have seen. How stupid and impossible life must be for anyone who even for a minute thinks that he has lived through everything!"

Again he crossed the room, and, walking straight up to Maslennikov, placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Listen, Misha," he said, not trying so much to answer him as to answer his own thoughts. "Listen, Misha. You and I must not die. We mustn't get killed, under any circumstances."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I know simply that we mustn't."

A soldier walked into the room and said, simply: "They are attacking." Saburov sat down on the couch, and almost in one movement put on the cloth he wore round his feet, and drew on his boots. Then he fell with another routine movement into the sleeves of his overcoat.

"Well, we never got a chance to sleep," he said to Maslennikov, tightening up his leather belt.

Maslennikov felt in the captain's words a sad, wholesome irony about all that had just been recalled with such emotion, and that meant so little now in the face of those few words suddenly flowing over the edges of their lives: "They are attacking."

For once, however, the news of the attack was a false alarm, but it was morning before Saburov found that out and returned to his headquarters.

Lazily he stirred with his fork the pan full of hot canned meat which Petya had brought him. He did not really want to eat—why should he? Maybe, he thought, six o'clock in the morning was not exactly a good time for dinner. The hours were all mixed up. He felt like going out into the open air. He had already thrown his coat over his shoulders when Maslennikov came in to report about the previous day's wounded.

"They took them all out during the night," he said. "You know who came for them? That same girl we pulled out of the water."

"Well," Saburov said.

"It seems it was she taking the wounded away all the time, but I didn't see her. I've brought her along. Let her sit down and rest here for a while," he added quietly.

"Let her rest, of course," Saburov said. He suddenly remembered that he was the host here, and that among his many obligations was that of hospitality.

Please turn to page 28

CAPTAIN SABUROV, young veteran of the Russian War, is assigned by COLONEL PROTSENKO to the daring mission of recapturing from the Germans three apartment houses in besieged Stalingrad.

Accompanying his mission, he installs himself in temporary headquarters, assisted by MASLENNIKOV, his chief of staff, and PETYA, his orderly. At the same time, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BABCHENKO has captured a strategic point nearby, and communications are established between them.

To his amazement, Saburov discovers that a woman is still living with her three children in the cellar of the apartment house, and refuses to move away. Before this, he had been impressed with the courage of ANYA, a nurse whom he met during his first crossing of the Volga to Stalingrad, rescuing her from the water when their transport steamer was bombed.

Now read Col. 1.



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She forgot about FEAR

ON the day after Celia's death there was a red veil of dust over the sky, and oppressive, choking heat, as though the sun had leaned closer to see through the dust.

Jane sat in her office at the "Morning Post" and rubbed her hands on her handkerchief, feeling the gritty dust between her fingers and the moistness of her palms. She averted her eyes from the desk across the room which had belonged to Celia, and went on looking through that day's issue of the "Post" with no understanding of what she read.

There was nothing in it about Celia's death, but that was because her body had been found too late for the morning edition. The afternoon papers would feature the story. Jane began to think of probable headlines in the paper, and the words popped about before her eyes like black-and-white neon lights. Soon everyone would know that Celia was dead. Now only the police knew, and the people in the office, and the man who had found her, and—of course—the murderer.

She thought of hands about Celia's slim neck, tightening, squeezing out her life, and in sudden revulsion she got up and went again to the street map which hung on the wall and looked for the tenth time that morning at Churt Row.

It was a tiny street, running from the tramline into a huddle of small, narrow streets, thick with terraced buildings, with here and there an occasional factory. There was no reason why Celia should have gone there. And yet she had gone there at some time last night, and this morning a milkman had found her body, lying between dustbins in a narrow opening between two buildings.

Churt Row. Jane had not known that such a place existed. She stared at the tiny lines on the map, trying to enlarge it—narrow, dusty, with crowded buildings and dirty windows with flapping lace curtains, orange peel in the gutter, paper blowing on the pavement. She stood there, building herself a picture of Churt Row, half-imaginary and half taken from what Ken had told her earlier that morning, and she tried to put Celia in that street and found it impossible. For Celia was elegant.

That was the only word Jane had ever found which fully described her. Celia belonged against a background of theatre and hotel lobbies, smartly dressed people, bright lights and expensive little shops. There was something exciting and a little artificial about her. She was slim and incredibly sleek, and her clothes were extravagantly simple.

When Jane tried to think of Celia in Churt Row her imagination failed, and Churt Row, as she had pictured it, faded back into two lines on a map, and the fact that Celia's body had been found there remained as blankly unbelievable as ever.

She turned and looked at Celia's desk. The police had been through it that morning. A litter of papers, things Celia had been working on the afternoon before, were disarranged. Celia would have been furious if she had found it like that, Jane thought. She was so neat always.

Jane went over and began to tidy it, almost automatically. There were entries for the recipe contest

all in a heap with knitting patterns and notes for the home-hints columns, with an old newspaper, grimy with the dust of the filling-room, on top. Jane picked it up, stuffed it into a drawer, and began to sort the other papers.

Mr. Harrison had told her that morning that she would have to take over Celia's work. Once she would have been delighted, but now she felt only a vague bewilderment and a reluctance to begin.

She finished sorting the recipes and found beneath them a batch of letters for the "Ask Aunt Alice" column, still pinned together. She riffled through them, reading snatches as she turned the pages—"I was married when very young and after a few years my husband left me saying we was not properly married as he had used a false name at the time being foreign . . ." What did that mean, if anything, and what on earth would Celia have answered?

Jane read it again, and as she read a hand came over her shoulder and a long, brown finger jabbed at the letter. A voice pitched to a ludicrous falsetto said, "Dear Mrs. So-and-so, you have obviously been living in a fool's paradise . . ."

She began to laugh, and then stopped, feeling her laughter catching her throat and becoming high and strained. She stood staring at Ken with her hand over her mouth.

"You frightened me," she said at last. "Creeping in behind my back like that."

"Sorry," he said. "Didn't mean to."

He crooked one knee over the edge of the desk and eased himself on to it. He was a big man, with a tanned face and an amiable smile and a tendency to slouch, but this morning there was something strained about his smile, and a tired look about his eyes, and for a moment Jane remembered a snatch of office gossip she had heard about Ken and Celia.

She wondered if he had really cared about Celia and how he felt now that she was dead, and he had been assigned to cover the story of her murder. And thinking of this, she felt a twinge of jealousy that Celia, who had been so gaily careless of the men who loved her, should have had Ken's love as well. She put the thought from her quickly, ashamed of it, and went and sat down at her desk and looked at Ken gravely.

"Have they found out anything?" He shook his head. "Only that her handbag had been rifled, but I told you that this morning. And that she didn't go home last night."

"Not at all? Not even to change?" She remembered Celia as she had been last night, in a cream linen suit and a large hat, complaining as she powdered her nose before the mirror that the dust had soiled her clothes.

Ken shook his head again. "She went straight from here to the Rankin's cocktail party and that spread out into the evening. It was nine o'clock when she left there. The police surgeon says she must have

The milkman found her body lying between dustbins in a laneway.

Murder has three motives—love, money, and one that Jane did not count on.

By . . .

GENE DOWELL

been killed between nine and eleven."

Jane said, uncertainly, "It must have been some thief. Who else . . .?" But her words failed her.

"Street thieves don't usually strangle their victims," said Ken grimly, and she thought in panic that she had known that all along. It was someone who knew Celia who had killed her, and that might be anyone. Celia knew such a lot of people. She had to know them because of her work. "It might be someone I know, too," Jane thought. "I might even meet him and talk to him." And she found that her eyes were fastened as though hypnotised on Ken's broad, brown hand spread out on the desk.

A sentence which she had read a long time ago suddenly slipped back into her memory . . . "People usually murder for one of two reasons—love or money."

She asked suddenly, "Did Celia have any money?"

Ken's eyes narrowed and he looked at her with an odd intensity. "In her bag? I don't know."

"No, I mean—well, you know . . ."

She searched for the right words. "Would anyone benefit by her death?"

"Oh!" He looked uninterested again. "Old Farrell left a few thousands to Celia and Lou to be held in trust until they turned thirty. The Farrell money was getting rather low by the time he died, so there wouldn't be much, I suppose Celia's share will go to Lou now. She's over thirty."

Jane thought of Lou—a tired, washed-out looking woman who tried vainly to ape Celia's smartness and succeeded only in making herself look pathetic. Celia had despised her, but Jane had always felt vaguely sorry for her. She was such an inefficient, stupid woman, so hopelessly incapable of coping with her husband.

"That reminds me," said Ken, almost as though he had followed her thoughts, "Laurie Crane was in here a while ago looking for you."

"Me?" asked Jane, surprised. "I've been here all the morning."

"I know. But I didn't think you'd feel like coping with him. I met him coming in and said you were out and took him over to the pub for a drink. Some people he knew came along and I whisked off and left him there."

"What did he say—about Celia?"

"Oh—just what you'd expect. Lou is prostrate. Can't understand it. Terrible thing, etc. Puts it down to the work of a maniac. He might be right; at that I don't think he was terribly upset except as far as it reflects on the family. Acted as though being murdered wasn't done in the best circles. You know what he's like."

He grinned wryly, and Jane smiled back. She knew Lou's husband. He was a self-made man, a bore and a snob. The general opinion was that he had married Lou because she was of the socially prominent Farrell family.

"I suppose," asked Jane, "he's all right? I mean, financially?"

Ken laughed suddenly. "If you think he murdered Celia for her inheritance, put it right out of your head. It'd be chicken-feed to him."

Jane nodded, and the words "love or money" recurred to her again. But no one had wanted Celia's money evidently. She looked up to speak to Ken, and the words died on her lips. Ken was staring at the door, and she followed his glance and caught her breath sharply at what she saw.

The door was opening slowly, and round it, looking pale and slightly dishevelled, and glancing backward over her shoulder as she moved, came Lou Crane. Jane stared at her, noting that Lou's lipstick was smeared on crookedly, and that the little hat she wore of roses and veiling was never meant for Lou or for the dress Lou wore. Then Lou looked up and saw them, and gave a small, startled scream and dropped her bag. Ken lounged to his feet and picked it up for her.

"I'm so sorry," she gasped. "I mean, I thought Jane would be alone. It gave me such a fright—I thought . . ."

Please turn to page 31



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"I'm out," yelled Natalie, almost dropping the telephone as Harry walked in.

At twelve o'clock, Natalie Raymond decided that she was hungry. She did not usually lunch till one, but she was hungry. It must be that. Nothing else could account for the restless feeling.

If it had been pointed out that she'd been restless much of the time for months, she'd have said, "Rot!" She said that often in her position as chief reader for Dilman-Smythe, book publishers.

Having decided that she was hungry, she acted at once. Natalie was like that, brisk, efficient, impersonal. No one had ever seen her flustered. She had hazel eyes and light brown hair and she was 36 and looked 29.

She got up from the manuscript spread before her on the desk, along her smart coat capelike over her smart shoulders, said to her secretary, Miss Oakes, "I'll be back in an hour," and walked out of her office.

The outer room was large, uncluttered and hushed. A dozen chairs were in it, angling off from Miss Miller's information desk; and half those chairs were occupied by men and said women looking hopeful but unsure.

Another man was at Miss Miller's desk, engaged in earnest conversation of which Natalie caught only, "... have to know at once."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Miller, who was dark and small and hired for her sympathetic look. "Mr. Dilman can only see people by appointment. If you care to leave your manuscript—"

"Of course," said the man. "But I must know at once."

Natalie did not literally tiptoe toward the door, but had an air of doing so. Authors in a hurry were her bane. So many of them, said all, for so many reasons, having

to know immediately the decision on their books! You couldn't work that way. Not with so many books written. Three weeks was fast.

But Natalie did not reach the outer door in time. Miss Miller's sympathetic voice sounded: "This is Mrs. Raymond, Mr. Boze. She might help you."

Inwardly, Natalie cursed the girl. She turned with dignity.

"Yes, Mr. Boze," she said. What a ridiculous name!

The man who owned the name could have been ridiculous, too, save for a certain unaffected ease of bearing. He was 42 and looked it. His eyes were grey and solemn and his mouth was at peace.

"Mrs. Raymond?" he repeated.

"How do you do? I have a book here, I made a special trip to town with it, instead of sending it, because I needed an answer straight away."

Six others in the room edged forward in their chairs and stared ravenously at this Mrs. Raymond who was important here. Mr. Boze grinned. It was a wide, untroubled grin.

"All aspiring authors say that, eh? But here's why. I have to say yes or no to a new job in four days' time. My answer will depend on this book. If it's accepted, I'll say no and write another. If it isn't, I'll say yes. He drew breath. "But it will be. It's not bad, you know."

"You want an answer in four days? I'm afraid that's not possible, Mr. Boze."

"Why not? You could read it in three hours."

"There are others ahead of you. It wouldn't be fair to put you at the head of the line, now would it?"

"Under the circumstances—yes. This job I mentioned is under con-

tract. Two years. I wouldn't want to tie myself up for two years if the answer was yes on the book."

"Why must you decide on this particular job?" Natalie asked it before she thought, then was angry at herself. It was a matter of indifference to her—and none of her business. It was just that somehow you felt like talking to Mr. Boze.

"Because," he answered cheerfully, "I have less than six pounds to my name."

Natalie sighed. He was going to

eight years. Then Pete Raymond had died, and with him had died in Natalie all desire to be other than a smooth, evenly gaited machine.

She smiled denial to several sets of friends motioning her to their tables, and sat alone. She looked absently at a menu and, off guard, thought suddenly of this man, Boze.

From the country apparently. And what was the job he must decide on within four days? Bricklaying, probably. He had the hands and shoulders for it. And what would you use the massive ears for? she almost giggled.

She drew herself up at this, startled. Giggling! She had not done that for 15 years, since before Colin was born. Colin... What would her 14-year-old son think of Mr. Boze? Oh, but what did she care what Colin might have thought of him? Or of any man?

She dawdled over lunch deliberately, not thinking of Mr. Boze. She never saw him again anyhow. When she went back to her office a little after one, Miss Miller was saying "You do? Really? I think that's awfully interesting."

Mr. Boze looked at Natalie and grinned. Miss Miller looked at her and smiled. Miss Miller said: "Mr. Boze knows a man who knows my uncle. Isn't it queer?"

"It's positively weird," said Natalie. She turned to the man. "You aren't planning to stay here till the book is read?" she asked politely.

"Why not?" said Mr. Boze. "It's comfortable in here." He looked at the clock. "You should be through with the thing by four."

Natalie hurried on before she should say something regrettable. Then she called Miss Miller in.

"Why did you let that man collar me?" she demanded.

"He was in such a rush," Miss Miller replied.

"They all are. Why make an exception of him?"

"Because," said Miss Miller, who was not quite 20, "for an elderly man he's rather cute."

"Elderly? You silly child, he's not at all—" Natalie felt pink in her cheeks and stopped. "Tell him to leave his address, and repeat that I'll read his manuscript when I can."

Miss Miller went out in a slightly dejected manner. Natalie frowned. Mr. Boze appeared to have gained a firm champion in a very short while.

She turned to the manuscript on her desk. It should have been Gordon Chandler's latest, just in this morning. That was the one she'd left there. But it wasn't. It was Boze's manuscript, placed squarely on her blotter by Miss Miller. Natalie reached impatiently to lift it aside. Instead she lifted the first page, to see if the man's Christian

name was as unimpressive as the last, Harrison Boze. They probably called him Harry.

"Leaves From an Old Gum Tree," she read. Not much of a title. Natalie skimmed the first paragraph with her red upper lip curled slightly, read the next with more professional interest, and turned the page.

At 4.30 she went to Dilman's office with the script.

Clarence Dilman, 50, heavy browed and rude, was howling into his telephone. Toward the end it came out that someone was soon going to be awfully sorry about something. He concluded, and turned to Natalie. "What do you want?"

"Here's one you'll like," said Natalie, laying Harrison Boze's manuscript on the desk.

"Probably terrible. I'll read it in a week or two."

"No, to-night," said Natalie, unperturbed.

"Youthful genius?"

"Neither youthful nor genius," said Natalie. "It's just a nice book of country life. Pepplinger will grab it if we don't. And the man has to know the verdict at once."

"Now, look, Natalie, I haven't given Mrs. Dilman an evening for—Oh, all right."

Natalie had a small chill speech prepared for Harrison Boze when she went out, but he had gone. Miss Miller said he'd laughed and told her he hadn't really meant to worry a person as nice as Mrs. Raymond seemed to be; he was only joking.

"He's sweet," said Miss Miller, "even if he is old."

A retort leaped to Natalie's tongue, but she saw that Miss Miller was gazing speculatively at her so she only said good night and turned away.

Colin was home when she got in. He was sprawled on the floor absorbed in a page of comic strips.

Natalie stared at this adolescent elephant who somehow was her son.

"Can't you find something to read but comic strips?"

"Well, gosh. What is there?"

"Study, for one thing."

Colin grimaced, then grinned. He was patient with his parent.

After dinner Natalie opened her briefcase and took out Chandler's manuscript. There were few evenings when she did not work. At half-past nine she phoned Clarence Dilman.

"How do you like Boze's book?" she asked.

Please turn to page 35



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Everyone Lives at Our House

Continued from page 4

SANDY had gone. Elizabeth drove Sue to the train at ten o'clock in the morning. They talked in the polite medium they had used with each other except for the brief exchange at the shore on Sunday.

Elizabeth said kindly: "You'll let us hear from you, Sue."

"Yes, indeed, and I want to thank you for a very lovely time."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." Conventional. No feeling, thought Elizabeth as she kissed Sue goodbye. Sandy's wife was still a polite stranger.

Elizabeth drove home and went to the kitchen to talk to Violet about the dinner. Violet wasn't in the kitchen and after a while Elizabeth knocked on her door. When it was opened, Elizabeth saw the half-packed suitcase on the bed. "Violet, you're not leaving . . .?"

"Yes, M'm. I got to go. My mother is sick."

"Violet, if it is a question of more money, perhaps . . ." But it was useless. Violet departed on the one o'clock train.

When Elizabeth returned from that trip, she fixed lunch trays, but Anne called down that she wasn't hungry. She hadn't looked well this morning, Elizabeth recalled. She went up to Anne's room. The baby was asleep and Anne lay on her bed, her face flushed, her eyes swollen. "I have a pain in my side," she said.

Anne was feverish and the pain grew sharper. Fright seized Elizabeth—she called Edwin. He was just back from lunch. "Edwin, get a doctor—any doctor!"

Granny came upstairs with a big mustard plaster. "Now, just put that on . . ."

"Oh, no," said Elizabeth. "That's the worst thing to do."

Granny looked crestfallen. "I've had lots of sickness in my family . . ."

"Mother, I want to speak to you alone," Anne whispered.

"Yes, dear . . ." The phone was ringing. "Will you take that, Granny?" Elizabeth was bending over the sick girl. "What is it you want, darling?"

"Don't bother Warren with this, no matter what it is," said Anne with difficulty.

Granny came back from the telephone. "That was Sue calling from New York to see if a wire came from Sandy."

"Nothing came . . . did you tell her?"

"Of course I told her, Elizabeth. I know how to do some things!"

Mercifully Edwin was here with the doctor. Then Elizabeth was packing a small bag for the hospital while an ambulance waited below. They were wrapping Anne in a blanket. The baby woke and cried. Granny was holding him in her trembling old arms when Elizabeth and Edwin, following close behind the ambulance, set out for the hospital.

At six-thirty that evening Anne was awake for a few minutes, long enough to recognise them, and to ask about the baby. "We're going home now to see him," said Elizabeth. "You're going to be all right, dear. Just go back to sleep."

When they came into the house they found Granny asleep on the sofa. But she awoke at once to ask for Anne. "She's fine considering everything," said Elizabeth. "And how's the baby—asleep? Did he have his feed?"

"He's had his feed," said Granny. "Sue gave it to him. She's upstairs now putting him to bed."

"You've been asleep and dreaming, mother," said Elizabeth. "Sue isn't here. She left to-day."

"I know that," said the old lady witheringly. "But she came back this afternoon after I talked to her on the telephone. See, here's Sue now . . ."

Sandy's wife came running down the stairs. One of Anne's big utility

aprons was tied round her waist. She looked entirely efficient—more than that. There was something about her that looked at home. Edwin patted her shoulder vigorously. Elizabeth was beyond speech or gestures. Tears filled her eyes, blurred the room. But through the mist of her tears other things became magically clear. Trouble had brought Sue back to them. Dimly Elizabeth heard Sue's concerned young voice asking about Anne. Then she came and gently took Elizabeth's coat.

"I have a dinner of sorts ready," she said. "I think you both need something to eat."

It was a fine dinner, Edwin told her as he finished his bacon and eggs. "When you're ready to do the dishes, let me know," said Granny, going back to the couch in the living-room. Promptly she was asleep.

"She's tired out," said Sue, who had followed to cover the older woman.

So was Edwin as he relaxed into a favorite chair with the evening paper. "I wonder what you think about sending word to Warren, Sue," Elizabeth asked, as they lingered over coffee. "You see, he has asked Anne for a divorce . . ."

Sue listened quietly, intently, to the story. "I wouldn't want Sandy ever to come to me out of pity," she said simply when Elizabeth had finished.

"Perhaps it would bring them together again," said Elizabeth.

Sue considered that point briefly. "Only for a little while, probably."

"But what is the answer for Anne?" asked Elizabeth.

"If Anne's had courage enough to face to-day without appealing to Warren," said Sue, "she'll have courage for the rest of her life. After a while she'll get a job, a place of her own, new friends."

"What makes you so certain, Sue? Anne isn't a self-reliant girl. She's not like you—quick to meet a situation."

"Neither was my sister, Lynn," said Sue. "But she grew to be self-reliant. You see, she faced almost the same kind of thing that Anne has to face. Only Lynn had two children. They live near us, and the kids come over every day and play with my brother's children, who are at our home. It's hard on mother, but she won't have it any other way."

"You must have a lively household," said Elizabeth.

"We have," Sue replied. "Of course, there's always someone sick or in trouble, and lots of times it overlaps. The day of our wedding my grandmother broke her wrist."

"Does she live with you, too?"

"Yes. Everyone lives with us. You've no idea what our house is like. You know, when I first came here I was amazed at how smoothly everything ran. It didn't seem like family life. Not until to-day."

"Oh, my dear child," said Elizabeth. "We have lots of family life, too . . . you'll see if you'll only stay with us."

"I'm going to stay as long as you need me," said Sue . . .

In a darkened room at the hospital, Anne woke again, remembering clearly now. She was ill and weak, and Warren did not love her. He would never come back no matter what she said or did . . . It was odd how clear it was to her lying here in the dark, alone and helpless, that she never wanted him back. As long as she had lived through to-day—she wanted something better out of life than being a makeshift wife to Warren. She wanted new strength and courage to go ahead for herself—for the baby.

At home the baby and Granny slept peacefully. Edwin and Elizabeth carried dishes into the kitchen and stood smiling at each other as Sue ran up quite a telephone bill telling Sandy she loved him. After all, she was their Sue—now.

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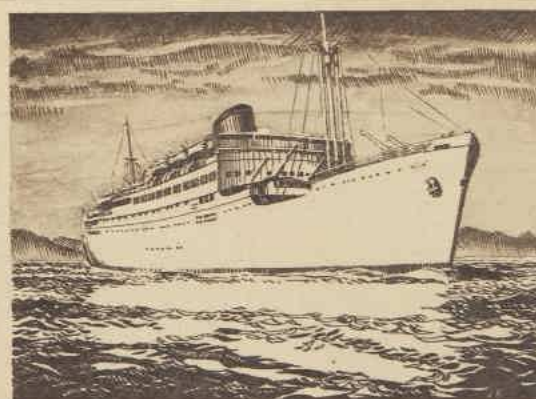
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The CHURCH on the HILL

● We will be decorating the church on the hill this Easter as it has been decorated these eighty years. We will gather after choir practice on the last Thursday before Easter Sunday and we will plan the decorations as we have always done.

FOR years now, perhaps more years than I will put name to, I have heard the church bell ring out on Thursday evenings; a loud, not very beautiful, insistent bell, sounding its note to every house in this country town, calling the faithful few to come to choir practice.

And, as in the way of most country towns, not many will answer it. Only a handful. Wet or fine, hot or cold, a handful will close their front doors and will take the path to the church.

There, with just the chancel lights shining, for electricity must be saved since country churches are not wealthy churches, we will practice.

Our "alto," who has been in the choir for thirty years and rules us with a rod of iron; our one baritone, who sings too slowly, but who by the strength and trueness of his voice is the rock of our

choir; our sopranos, who for years have struggled, entirely without success, to hasten the baritone even one note faster; and our young girls, not so long left Sunday school, now adding the clear notes of youth to our singing.

We will meet after this last choir practice and the members of the Guild will join us, and together we will plan our Easter decorations.

Neither the scheme of decorations nor the flowers change greatly with the years, but the joy of new life beginning comes fresh each Easter morning.

Tradition decides our plan of decoration. There is always the one group "who do the window-

sills." Our old church has sloping sills to its deep-set, narrow windows, and, by taking great care, triangular-shaped tins, stored under the table in the vestry year after year, can be hooked to a nail in the sill.

It is not for nothing that for years the same people have "done" the window-sills. There is an art, only learned by experience, in balancing the flowers.

Put too many on one side, perhaps even one rose too many, and at some unexpected moment the tin will swing over and upset water and flowers on the parishioner rash enough to take a wall seat. That has happened before.

The big bowl of flowers on the organ has been done by the organist from her own garden for years; she will do it again this Easter, filling it with great, top-heavy chrysanthemums, the pride of her garden, proof to any doubters that though her hair is snow-white her skill in gardening has not waned with the years.

Nor will they think there is any waning of her skill as an organist when the triumphant Easter hymns fill the church and the thick-curved petals of the chrysanthemums tremble, but stay firm, though all the stops are out and the organ stool creaks with the momentum of the pedalling.

To our most loved, senior member of the guild, will fall the task of doing the flowers on the altar.

It might be possible to make other changes in our order of work. It might even be possible for someone other than the organist to do the flowers on the organ, but it is unthinkable that anyone but "Mrs. R." will do the flowers in the chancel.

She is doing them this year and perhaps they will be more beautiful than ever.

When she kneels at the communion rails on the old, worn, red cushions to say her brief prayer, as she always does when she has finished the flowers, it will not be hard to guess where her thoughts will be.

Three of "Mrs. R.'s" sons went to the war. And none came back.

When we plan our decorations we will discuss the flowers to use. That is easily arranged, for in a country town we all know just what is in flower in everyone else's garden.

"I see that you're still going to have some roses, May. What about the good old cloth of gold on your wash-house? Anything decent there?"

"Not much, but I noticed when I was round on my War Savings stamps that Mr. Johnson has some really good Ophelia buds on his bush. I'll word him up; he's not one of us, of course, but he's generous."

"He certainly is. I've already asked him about his xinnias."

"I really think," says the vicar's

wife, "we'll have the most beautiful decorations we've had for years."

On Easter Eve we will do the flowers. Every light will be shining in the church, and the vicar's wife will be racing from vicarage to church with more vases, more string, more greenery, pulled recklessly in the dark from the overgrown vicarage garden.

Jars of flowers will be arranged, taken down, arranged again. Late, it will all be finished; window-sills and pulpit, chancel and organ, font and porch will be filled with flowers. From the red carpet in the aisle the young helpers will have picked every fallen leaf and fallen petal, and dusted each pew.

And as we leave the church we will turn at the old green baize doors and look at our work, and some will say—as someone always does say—"It has never looked more beautiful."

This Easter, our first Easter in peace, it will surely look more beautiful than it ever has before, and on Easter morning, in joy of this day of Resurrection and yet in sorrow of remembering those who will never come again to the church on the hill, we will lift our voices and sing,

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant, holy day,
Alleluia!"

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FRANCES
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Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder in four complexion-toning shades: Rachel, Suntan, Rose Brunette and Natural. Small size, 1/8; large size (almost double quantity) 2/10—at all chemists, chain and departmental stores.

Make-up trick to make you lovelier



It's worth taking special care to make sure your lipstick goes on with a smooth, clean line. Take it gently... no fuzzy edges, please! And when you've finished wielding your lipstick, pat gently with powder puff or press cleansing tissue between your teeth to remove excess colour.

Now at all chemists and stores.



POND'S Dreamflower Face Powder

Use with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams



POND'S "LIPS" STAY ON AND ON AND ON !

That's right!
Pond's "LIPS"
stay on longer!

This is the Japan our troops have occupied



IN JAPAN. Members of 81 Wing, R.A.A.F., which is part of the British Occupation Force, go sight-seeing to the 300-year-old Kin Tai Kyo bridge. (Military History photo.)

Giggling little girls, flowers, ruins, poverty in battered Kure

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Our special correspondent in Japan

After a few days in Kure as the first woman correspondent to visit the British Commonwealth Occupation Force, I still feel that Sister Pat Foley, of Yeppoon, Queensland, sister on the 130th A.G.H. staff, summed it up entirely.

"Nothing would surprise me now," she said on her first night at Eta Jima when a Jap rode a bicycle through the mess hall at suppertime.

I HAD arrived here with the first Australian women, sisters and Aamws, who have come to jobs in the complicated set-up that is BCOF, now running an area extended over the whole southern portion of Honshu.

Kure, the site of headquarters, is a bleakly beautiful place. It was beautiful in the crisp, spring sunshine as, wrapped in greatcoats, we approached it through the Inland Sea.

Great, pineclad, eroded hills, yellow and green, form the backdrop to a huge expanse of harbor that was once Japan's mightiest naval base.

But it is bleak when shrouded in the fog and rain that now are succeeding the winter snows.

And whether our troops find it bleak or beautiful depends partly on where and how they are quartered and what is their individual viewpoint.

Riding round in jeeps — though transport is scarce you can always hitch-hike with Australian drivers — you pass the old Aussie stonch hut, New Zealand and British berets, Sikh officers' pale green turbans and beards, British sailors, Scotties in kilts, and herds of Jap men, women, and children.

Narrow, damaged roads run past ruined docks out through villages where foot-wide terraces of wheat and yard-square patches of cabbage and lettuce encroach on the roadside.

Coveys of small children call out, "Hello." The children are quicker to learn English than the occupation forces are to speak Japanese.

Here is an old Jap woman wearing a black velvet toque in tricorne style, with a black European dress and carrying a load of firewood on her back.

Behind her is a trowered woman with a rusted sheet of galvanised iron slung on her back.

There we are delayed momentarily while a Jap wearing a Repatriation Department armband

picks up the remains of an upset handcart, containing ledgers.

The bombed-out dockyards are a nightmare of twisted machinery.

Hulse and Company, Manchester, would hate to see the mangled derricks and gantries that bear their name.

Along the roads are dumps containing everything from iron bedsteads to rusting locomotives.

"Must look over those bedsteads," mutters an Australian officer. "Met a bloke who scrounged a sofa from a dump the other day."

Passing villages with their grey-tiled houses, paper-walled, it is hard to tell whether the dilapidation is war damage or mere poverty.

But out of them tumble more children than ever the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe had.

Crazy stalls

WHAT was once the thriving business centre of Kure for a prewar population of 300,000 is now a waste land of yellow mud and dust, with little wooden shacks labelled, "Beehive Gift Store" and such, or crazy stalls where for a price you can buy anything from zip-fasteners to small, smelly fish.

There is plenty of bright rubbish, but Australians who have been here since the beginning restrained me from buying bits of pottery and gaudy handkerchiefs at high prices which would soon empty the wallet of military currency.

Little, giggling Japanese girls in their teens work round the billets and serve at table in the messes, some very efficiently.

It would be hard not to like the young women and children.

Little girls, who have not seen many European women, because there are only a few hundred in the area, apparently find me a hilarious source of amusement.

The attitude of the women and children is friendly, but said to be skillful propaganda by some.

This may be so. Personally, I intend to wait before rushing in with an opinion on conditions, effectiveness of the occupation, or the Japanese attitude.



HANDCARTS loaded with remnants of a home or goods for sale are familiar sights in Kure streets.



NOSEMASKS are worn in both Kure and Hiroshima as protection against cold and infection.

Little girls bring flowers to the billets, all kinds of camellias, daphne, and even Cootamundra wattle. There is wattle in vases in many of the market stalls.

I saw my first cherry blossom in bud in sprays in a tub on the oily deck of the dirty old ferry which runs from the mainland to Eta Jima, but soon it will be out all over Japan.

In Kure now, everything is yellow and green—yellow roads, green, stunted pines.

How the women keep gay colors in their clothes with only one piece of soap every three months is a mystery, and heaven only knows where their cosmetics come from.

Of course, I wanted to see Hiroshima.

It is a place that people want to see once and not again.

An American driver—there are a handful of Americans with the Military Government here—drove me and Massey Stanley, Daily Telegraph correspondent, who first saw it after the atom bombing.

In a flattened oasis of rubble, all that is left of the city for an area as big as Brisbane are the shells of two or three reinforced concrete buildings standing gauntly alone.

Here and there are cemeteries with grey granite tombstones undamaged by the bomb.

Miles of streets run through what looks like nowhere, but everywhere whole Jap families are building wooden shacks, getting timber and glass somewhere.

A British Fanny told me she found some little saki cups among the rubble, but it has been pretty well picked over.

Twisted telegraph poles and blasted trees dot the wasteland of streets, and trains still run.

But 140,000 people live among the ruins, and the rebuilt railway station is as crowded as St. James Station, Sydney, at five o'clock.

Many of the Japs, both in Kure



SHELL of the Methodist Church in Hiroshima, one of the few buildings not reduced to rubble by the atom bomb. Photo taken by Sick-Berth Petty-Officer Stewart, of H.M.A.S. Hobart.

and Hiroshima, wear nose masks as protection against cold and infection, but if you worried about germs in this place you might as well go right home to King's Cross.

Anyway, the fresh-water supply is said to be pure.

I met the Governor of Hiroshima Prefecture in an undamaged building on the outskirts of the city. His office is near the Postwar Department.

He answered questions through

interpreters, giving generalised, rather vague answers, which have all been published before anyhow.

When I got here and found my way from the ship to BCOF base, someone asked me where I was staying, much as if I had just ordered a taxi to take me to the Ritz.

The wonder is that I have at last settled to write, because domestic details take time.

Continued on page 19

Editorial

APRIL 20, 1946.

MESSAGE OF EASTER

THE first peacetime Easter seems likely to fall short of expectations, though it comes nearly a year after the guns were silenced in Europe and eight months after an uneasy peace settled over the world.

In former years thousands of Australians approached the season in a mood of holiday gaiety.

Many gave little thought to its religious significance.

Tourist resorts everywhere were crowded with happy week-enders. Every capital had its quota of Easter attractions.

This year travel and accommodation difficulties make touring less tempting and many of the pre-war fixtures, such as the Royal Show in Sydney, have not yet been restored.

But even if there were no real obstacles, many would find it hard to work up the carnival spirit.

The state of the world is hardly conducive to gaiety. The alarming food position in Europe and Asia, the uncertainty of international relations, the myriad thorny problems of rehabilitation cannot be thrust aside by any thoughtful person.

In this quieter Easter there may be more opportunity to reflect on the true significance of the season.

Never has the world been more in need of that spiritual rebirth which Easter symbolises.

Although it has been told now for 2000 years, the Easter story of redemption by sacrifice has not yet taught its lesson that only through the abnegation of self can the world achieve peace and happiness.



NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER, Mr. Ted Williams, is a keen bowls player, and hopes to have some games in Canberra.



MISS IVY WILLIAMS shows her mother some pictures of Australian scenery at their home in Wales. They will leave England shortly.

High Commissioner's family is keen to see Australia

Radioed by MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

As soon as Britain's new High Commissioner in Australia, Mr. Ted Williams, and his wife and daughter Ivy arrive in Australia, they will try to contact some of the families of R.A.A.F. boys who visited them at their home in Wales.

Mrs. Williams told me this when I went to see them in their comfortable cream stone house in the ancient mining town of Bridgend, in the Vale of Glamorgan.

LOTS of the Australian lads were stationed at an aerodrome near here, and they were frequent visitors to our house," said Mrs. Williams.

They particularly want to find the family of one airman, Flying-Officer Bill Friend, who was killed at El Alamein two years ago. Bill's photograph stands on the mantelpiece.

"He was one of the grandest men I have ever known," said Ivy, who is 26 years old and pretty.

Mr. Williams, who will succeed Sir Ronald Cross as High Commissioner, and his family are excited about living in Australia, although they know that life there will be very different from the life in a Welsh mining town.

But they're used to changes, and this is one change they all think is going to be a most pleasant one. They will leave England at the end of this month.

In accepting the job of High Commissioner, Ted Williams gave up his £5000 a year salary as Minister of Information in the British Government.

The new job means less money, but the Williams' don't mind that. When he was twelve, Ted Williams was a pit-boy earning 8/- a week. He took the money home to his widowed mother, who had eleven other children to keep.

Wants to try out Australian recipes

MRS. TED WILLIAMS, wife of Britain's new High Commissioner in Australia, is looking forward to trying out Australian recipes.

"I've heard about dampers cooked in the ashes, and I'm keen to try my hand at making one."

Ivy, their daughter, is thrilled at the thought of all the food in Australia.

"Imagine having so many eggs and all that wonderful fruit," she said. "Cooking must be fun."

During the war, Miss Williams had been a clerk in the local Food Office.

Ted (everyone calls him Ted—in the local phone book he is listed as just plain "Ted Williams") has travelled far along the road to success since those days.

It was St. David's Day (St. David is the Patron Saint of Wales) when I visited his home, Riversend.

The Welsh emblems are the daffodil and the leek, and every Welsh man, woman, and child is expected to wear one of the emblems on St. David's Day.

Mrs. Williams and Ivy each chose a daffodil and Ted Williams

sported a fine leek in his button-hole.

We had leek soup for lunch, too, but when I commented on this Ted said dryly, "You would have had it if it hadn't been St. David's Day, my friend. Food rationing is pretty tough, you know."

The Williams' have been married thirty years. Ted was an unemployed miner in Pontypridd when they were married, and the young couple had a struggle at first. But Ted worked hard and was quick to apply the lessons he had learnt at the London School of Labour, where his mates had clubbed together to send him.

The Williams' have another daughter who is married and will stay in Wales.

There is one person who probably doesn't know as I write this that she is to go with the Williams' when they sail for Australia.

Her name is Ruth Williams (she's no relation to the Ted Williams'), and she is a chambermaid at the Royal Hotel in Cardiff, near Bridgend.

Ruth Williams has a golden voice, a very small face, and a very big heart. I stayed in the Royal Hotel and we talked together while she made my bed one morning.

She told me a good deal about herself—about her parents who had died in a tiny mountain mining village. Her father died from silicosis, a lung disease miners frequently get from inhaling coal-dust.

Her mother died soon after. Ruth went "into service." She has been at the hotel for three years. Last week she had a rise in salary. She told me the rise meant she now received 27/6 a week.

"I like to keep myself neat and save a bit for holidays, but it's hard," she said. "They say there's good chances for people like me in Australia. I do pray I go one day."

When Ted Williams heard about Ruth, he said quietly: "If she still wants to come she can join my personal staff and live in Canberra with us. I will see her about it."

Interesting People



SIR WILLIAM DOBBIE

... defence of Malta.
ENTHUSIASTIC welcome from Maltese in Australia for their hero, Lieut-General Sir William Dobbie, C.O. and Governor of Malta during the terrific enemy blitz, on his recent arrival here, with Lady Dobbie, on world lecture tour for Inter-Varsity Fellowship of Evangelical Union. Subject of his lectures is, "The Hand of God in Malta." Member of the Plymouth Brethren, he says religion is the main reality in his life. In Malta was affectionately known as "Old Dob Dob."



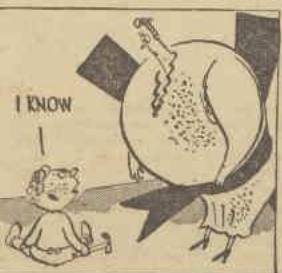
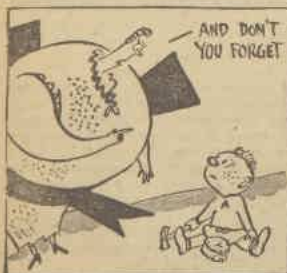
DR. DOROTHY JACQUELIN

... economist, pianist.
PROMISING career as concert pianist was given up by Dr. Dorothy L. Jacquelin, of San Francisco, to specialise in economics. For past 15 months has been area economist with South-west Pacific Branch of UNRRA. Has now returned to UNRRA headquarters in Washington after helping to establish Sydney office. Organised international conference at Lapstone Hotel, Sydney, last year. Is attractive, with soft voice, designs own clothes. Holds M.A. from California University; Doctor of Economics from University of Geneva.



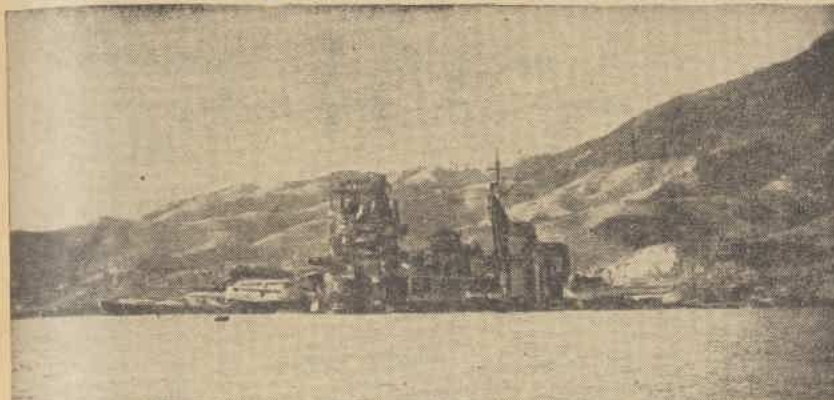
MR. GEORGE GAIN

medal after 56 years.
VETERAN soldier Mr. George Gain, 77, of Brisbane, now proudly wearing 1890 Mashonaland Medal and clasp just forwarded to him by Defence H.Q., Southern Rhodesia—56 years after he earned it. He won medal as member of British South Africa Company police, who, in 1890, helped conquer Mashonaland, afterwards named Rhodesia. Decoration awarded 25 years after campaign, took another 31 years to reach him. Is one of six survivors of column and only Australian to hold medal.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

New hospital moves in on Eta Jima Island



ETA JIMA ISLAND, where the 130th A.G.H. has been established. This photograph, showing the bomb-damaged Japanese battleship Haruna berthed at the island, was taken by Yeoman Parker-Scott, of H.M.A.S. Hobart.

Nurses and Aamws start duty in former Jap naval barracks

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Allied bombers which shattered Kure, Japan's big naval base, passed up Eta Jima, where the 130th A.G.H. has been established, leaving intact the buildings of the Japanese Naval Academy.

The Academy, Japan's Chatham or Annapolis, was moved from Tokio 50 years ago, but the main buildings were erected in 1939.

THE design appears to be based on British Navy lines, which would square with the fact that the Japanese Navy was based on the British.

If huge, immense, and enormous seem to recur throughout this story, it is unavoidable, unless you can think of other synonyms.

In trying to get some comparison for the size of the hospital, I asked Captain W. Lloyd, of Ararat, Vle., the registrar.

"Heddelberg Military Hospital could fit inside it," he said.

The main building of stone has three stories, with echoing ceilings and 20-foot-wide flights of stone stairs.

If I had known what I do now I should not have dreamed of setting foot in it without a map and compass.

The Americans who had been quartered there had moved out when the Australian advance party arrived, and there was a tremendous amount of work to do to get the hospital going.

By the time the 34 sisters, headed by Matron Monica McMahon, of Victoria, and the 54 Aamws with their O.C., Captain Flora McNab, arrived, there were 109 patients in the hospital.

They were being looked after by the staff of the 60th New Zealand General Hospital, which was staging with the 130th.

There was plenty of modern furniture—steel lockers and beds—around the building but as it has 90 rooms, most of them 190 feet square and more, and there are no lifts, the mere organizing of furniture, let alone medical equipment, was a job.

At first there was only one telephone to the mainland, and that was not working very effectively, but this, like other problems, is being quickly straightened out.

Sisters and Aamws are quartered in second-floor dormitories. I stayed at Eta Jima for four days, sleeping in a dormitory with 20 sisters, Aamws officers, and the two Red Cross officers.

All agreed that though the size of the room made it draughty, conditions were fine compared with moving into, say, New Guinea during the war.

Whether the girls will continue to like it remains to be seen, but all are used to doing a job and ready to take whatever comes, whether it's fun or work.

One said, "I'm trying to write to

my family what this place is like, and saying it's a crazy nightmare from which you don't wake up."

When the girls moved in, the main furniture was iron bedsteads and steel cupboards.

By nightfall, a few hours later, they had screens, tables, chairs, and mirrors, scrounged from all over the place.

Japs carried up the girls' tin trunks, out of which I should never have been surprised to see a kitchen stove emerge.

Soon every girl, with the adaptability of women experienced in temporary homemaking, had a few feet of home round her, even to a vase of camellias, mascots, and snapshots.

As the girls arrived earlier than expected, no supper was served on the first night, and as the evening meal was 5.30, everyone began looking for tea about 9 o'clock.

Captain Nancy Stobo, Sydney bacteriologist, had a dish of water heating on a small stove, and before long a few of us produced tea, condensed milk, and sugar.

In the morning we awakened to



PTE. MAVIS WATKINS, Randwick, N.S.W., started work early on medical records in the hospital registrar's office.

see pinetrees and a harbor view framed in tall dormitory windows.

By the second day hot water was working in the modern tiled showers and washrooms.

The Japs seemed to lay on plenty of water, but arrangements to dispose of it are not as efficient as ours, so plenty of work had to be done by plumbers.

O.O. of the hospital is Lieut.-Colonel C. J. Yeatman, a South Australian.

The medical staff includes a woman pathologist, Major Elsie Abrahams, of Victoria.

One former member of the Japanese Academy staff is still at the hospital.

He is Professor Kato, formerly professor of English, who is now responsible for obtaining Japanese labor among the local inhabitants.

Working round Eta Jima, some earning a living as fishermen, are boys who, had the Jap war not ended in our favor, would this year have graduated as lieutenants in the Japanese Navy.



JAPANESE CHILDREN playing in the narrow streets have learned to say "Hullo" to occupation troops.



PTE. JUNE STIBBARD, Tenterfield, works on medical records.



C.O. OF HOSPITAL, Lieut.-Colonel C. J. Yeatman, S.A.

The graduation hall and theatre is in a separate building, which I inspected one evening with Sisters Pat Foley and Peg Bolton, of Western Australia, when we explored the surroundings.

In some of the empty buildings are still remnants of handsome European furniture, and fatters of rich curtains.

We walked through little empty houses, their sliding screens damaged and broken, and found in the gardens a goldfish pond, loquat and camellia trees, and neat, clipped shrubs, one with red berries like holly.

Japanese girls serve at table, and

act as house girls with much "dono" and "arigato" ("please" and "thank you"), and giggling.

We tried our Japanese out, asking for water by saying "Mizu," but finally a little girl said, "Oh, cold water," and brought it, which is slightly discouraging to language study.

Jap girls wash out the quarters, using plenty of water and much energy, but Sister Kath O'Bryan gave some in our dormitory a lesson in the correct technique.

For the first day or two, many of the girls were free to settle in, but soon grey working-dresses and red capes and white veils appeared at the breakfast table as the sisters began their work.

Among the Aamws to start early were the clerks on medical records in the registrar's office.

They are Ptes. Mavis Watkins, of Randwick, N.S.W., and June Stibbard, of Tenterfield, N.S.W., who have worked on medical reports for most of their army career.

Staff-Sgt. Bernard Brown, of Yerong Creek, near Wagga, who had come with the earlier party, was glad of experienced helpers in the office.

During the first week the girls arrived, the Australian guard on the island was changed to a New Zealand guard.

New Zealanders quartered on the island were among the first to meet the Australian girls, but Australians on the mainland are looking forward to entertaining them when social activities are arranged, as they will be.

Meanwhile, the girls found plenty to interest them in their surroundings.

They found it cold, but here I am very often reminded of Banjo Paterson's verse: "You should have been here last week."

That's what everyone says if you mention that it's a cold morning.

The Japan our troops occupy...

Continued from page 17

I WAS first quartered with the Australian girls at 130th A.G.H., Eta Jima, a beautiful place, but too remote from the mainland, as a three-quarter-hour journey was necessary on the hourly ferry to Kure.

I was sorry to leave the girls, whom, after a fortnight on the ship, I knew well, when I moved after three days to Hiro, not to be confused with Hiroshima, a suburb five miles out of Kure.

Here I live at the Y.W.C.A. Reception Camp, Brindiv, that is the British and Indian camp.

I was so entranced with my room in a Japanese-style house, matted floors, sliding paper doors, and actually a table and cupboards, that I could hardly tear myself away from setting up home to do the work I came here to do.

I would have much preferred to make a canteen shopping list—mirror, ashtray, coat-hangers—and settle in for the spring and summer. I share the house with Miss Masters, Y.W.C.A. worker, one-time

secretary to Dr. Hay, of the Hay slimming diet. The hostel is conducted by Miss Phyllis Hindle, a New Zealander.

This morning a small Jap girl took my washing away to remove the mud gathered on my shirts when yesterday's rain seeped through my luggage on a jeep. I am told it will come back well washed, though strangely ironed.

One night I was taken to a geisha house to eat Japanese food, and as a newcomer to it I would say that those who have not tried it are not missing much.

It was very expensive, and with the best will in the world to try anything once I was much inclined to agree with my Australian escort, who said "Give me steak and eggs any day."

Fish and seaweed are tasty in small doses if one did not think of the polluted waters of this lovely looking harbor.

Still, it was worth it to hear four geisha sing and play on the samisen, a three-stringed, banjo-like instrument, old songs called, "Willow

on the River Bank" and "Spring Rain."

And then of all things they struck up "Waltzing Matilda," a little out of tune, but in correct time.

The geisha were highly amused at my great height, five feet three, and convulsed at my heavy khaki clothes.

They called me "Okusan," and an anglicised version "Mama San," which felt hardly complimentary, as it means "mother," even if the youngest geisha was only seventeen, as stated.

These things were an interesting experience, but I was very glad of a nice Australian cup of tea when I returned to my Y.W.C.A. home.

The Australian boys round Kure are splendid types and a good advertisement for their country.

When you see the tall, well-set-up forces of BCOP contrasted with the little Japs, it seems strange that the war took so long. That is, until you reflect on the immense amount of war material here and see the immense twisted steel of wrecked and silent Jap naval guns, submarines, and wrecked warships.



• • and **MORE REFORMS**

Forms, forms, forms! I'm fenced in with permits, licences, returns, regulations, from every Board and Division and Department under the sun. I'm tired of being pushed, driven and harassed by bureaucrats who can't tell the difference between wheat and oats. What I want is to control my own industry and to carry on

with a sound price stabilisation scheme. I want a Government that will remove irritating, unnecessary, out-moded restrictions. I want a Liberal Government — liberal in practice as well as in name. A Government that will restore our rights and freedom; a Government that will give *everyone* a chance to get ahead.

The Road Back to Freedom is through
The LIBERAL PARTY
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Authorised by The Federal Secretariat of THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA

Tots and grandmothers bring in 1946 hops



THE SUTCLIFFE FAMILY picking hops in the Derwent Valley, Tasmania. From left, Barbara, Charlie (who has been picking for 39 years), Albert, Mrs. Albert, David, Mrs. Charlie (picking for 57 years, since she was a small child), and Dotty.



PICKERS found a campfire outside tent at Eurobin, Vic. Some families live in huts provided on the fields, others bring their own tents or caravans. Those who don't wish to cook obtain their meals at a canteen. Pickers usually form welfare and social clubs shortly after they arrive for the harvest, which lasts a month or five weeks.



GREAT - GRANDMOTHER. Mrs. A. Gardiner (left) has picked hops for 21 seasons on the Eurobin fields. She makes about £1 a day. Many of the pickers are veterans of ten or twenty seasons.

On the hopfields of Tasmania and Victoria, armies of temporary pickers have just gathered in the 1946 harvest to make Australia's beer.

EVERY year, tired University professors, suburban housewives and their husbands, "wharfies" and their families, boys and girls, and "out-of-works" from far and near roll up their blankets, don their oldest clothes, and harvest hops.

On Bushy Park Estate, in the Derwent Valley, Tasmania, about 250 pickers hauled the vines from their 12ft. strings and plucked the Cape gooseberry-shaped hop clusters intoessian bins dotted about the field.

Hops are gossamer weight. It takes a lot of them to make even an ounce, unless they are compressed, but some of these pickers harvested 400lb. a day, most of them 150 to 200lb.

For their work, which can be done by toddlers or grandmothers, they were paid 10/6 a 100lb.

Some go to the fields to "knock up a good cheque," some go for the chance of having a good outdoor holiday, some combine these objectives.

Most of the pickers are family units. The hop train from Hobart at the beginning of the season is like a community gipsy caravan. Its passengers of all ages, in their outdoor dress, carry bundles and bags of all shapes and colors.

Picking at Rostrevor, Eurobin, Victoria, is also an annual pilgrimage for many Australian families.

Pickers this year received 10d for each measure (8 to 10lb. of green hops) they harvested, plus a bonus of 3d. a measure for a good crop



HOP VINES on the Victorian hopfields being cut for pickers with sickle on a 12ft. pole



ELLEN BERRY, 14-year-old picker, who went from Dandenong (Vic.) for the season at Eurobin. There were 400 pickers on the field at the beginning, but bad weather reduced the number to about 180 towards the end.

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FAST! One Anacin ingredient brings relief in a hurry!



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DO YOU KNOW?



MISS KOLYNOS FOR APRIL

MISS KOLYNOS FOR APRIL

Miss Therodetta Kohn of Congee, New South Wales, Australia, who hopes to go back to her home town in America, was Miss Kolynos last month.

She kept them brighter in London, Sydney, Melbourne, Perth, Adelaide, Brisbane, and other cities.

Her photo is shown below.

Prizes £10, £5, £2, £1, and 10 shillings.

PRECIOUS PEARLS OF TROPIC ISLE

SIR GEORGE RICHARDSON, LATE ADMINISTRATOR TO WESTERN SAMOA says: "The natives of Tokelau Islands have perfect teeth. They shine like pearls. The islanders eat nothing but coconuts, bread and fish."

CÆSAR'S WIFE,
CALPURNIA
RUBBED HER TEETH
WITH GOAT'S MILK
TO SWEETEN HER
BREATH.



KOLYNOS ALSO PROVIDES A
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MATTHEW FLINT
tooth drawer

was paid sixpence
daily at the
Exchequer.



was paid sixpence daily at the Exchequer. THAT HE SHOULD DO WHAT PERTAINS TO HIS ART TO ANY POOR LIEGES OF THE KING WHO MAY NEED IT WITHOUT RECEIVING PAYMENT FROM THEM.



MAORI KNIFE
MADE OF
SHARKS TEETH
THE MAORIS MADE
ELABORATELY CARVED
WOODEN KNIVES FROM
THE TEETH OF THE
TUATINI SHARK!

RIBBON OF KOLYNOS
14.0 INCHES LONG!

- ANGUS SAYS :-

DO YE KNOW THAT IF YE TAKE
A LARGE TUBE OF KOLYNOS AND SQUEEZE
EVERY BIT OUT, YE WOULD GET A RIBBON OF KOLYNOS
ACTUALLY 140 INCHES LONG? THAT MEANS, THAT
WHEN YE USE HALF AN INCH O' KOLYNOS ON YOUR
BRUSH, YE GET NO LESS THAN 280 BRUSHINGS

HOOTS MON, IT'S IN-CREE-E-DIBLE

**KOLYNOS
DENTAL
CREAM**



As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

Arians, Leonians, and Sagittarians must work hard to realise ambitions before April 21. The present week favors these groups, but on that date the Sun moves into the sign Taurus, thus shifting the fortunate radiations into the lives of Capricornians, Virgoans, and Taurians.

Many Cancerians, Librans, and Capricornians are at present having troubles, but after the 20th, Scorpions, Aquarians, and Leonians will be faced with predominant problems instead.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Work hard, seek changes, gains, favors. April 15, 20 (to 10 p.m.) both excellent; 16 poor; 17 (very bad and dark); fair; 21 (noon to 3 p.m.) fair; 22 and 23, poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Man ahead. April 16, 17, 18, and 19 (early) poor; 22 (to 2 p.m.) and after 9 p.m., good; 23 (except sunrise to forenoon), good. Important changes, promotions, gains, gains.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): April 16 (noon to 3 p.m.) only is your best period.



"I see this time you HAVE the rent!"

the week, but it cannot help you much, so routine work is advised.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Be sure to do this week. The Sun afflicts you until early April 21, thereafter the Moon is adverse to your sign. Caution and routine tasks strongly advised. Improvements soon.

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 21): Confusion. April 16 (after sunset only) favors you; 20 (to 10 p.m.) very good, thereafter you must live wisely and quietly for several days.

VIRGO (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): Good times coming, plan ahead wisely. April 19 (to 4 p.m.) fair, then tricky; 20 (deceptively helpful); 21 poor; 22 (to 2 p.m.) good, after 2 p.m. fair; 23 (except 7 to 10 a.m.) helpful.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Live hard (until sunrise). April 21, 22, and 23 be wary; 24 (noon to 3 p.m.) fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Complete upset matters by April 21, as difficulties prevail for several weeks now. April 17 (after sunset) fair; 18 (to 8 p.m.) fair; 19, very fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Rush important matters through. April 16 (noon to 3 p.m.) and 17 (zero and sunset) fair; 18 and 19 (to 10 p.m.) very good; 21 (to 8 a.m.) poor, (noon to 3 p.m.) fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Conditions, adverse conditions all week to April 21 (9 a.m.); 22 (to 2 p.m.) or after 6 p.m., and 23 helpful. Good works ahead.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 21): April 16 (afternoon only), 18 (evening only); 20 (to 2 p.m.) advantageous, but thereafter live quietly to avoid adverse changes.

PISCES (Feb. 21 to March 21): April 17 (very and sunset), 18 (after 4 p.m.) fair; 19 (to 4 p.m.) helpful; 20 (forenoon) fair. Avoid bad ventures now.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden reports that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEX: 22 to 48 (27 to 46 expire May 5).
SUGAR: 19-24 (6 current).
BUTTER: 31 to 36 (expire May 5).
MEAT: Black 26 to 31 (expire May 5). Red and Green 30 and 35 (expire May 5).
CLOTHING: 71-86. ZBT-112.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are helping

BETTY GRAY: To find clues leading to her uncle's fortune, left in his safe. With each clue is a number of the safe combination. In his will her uncle bequeathed the money to whoever found all the numbers first, Betty or her cousins.

AUGUSTA: Determined to get Betty out of hunt, **KARL:** Who has given up the hunt, and **PETE:** Who has joined Mandrake and Betty, who are searching for the fourth clue in South Sea island, Cerebi. Augusta enlists aid of **KRAG:** A power in the South Seas, who tells head-hunting natives Mandrake will steal their idol. Mandrake fascinates natives with his hypnotic gestures. **NOW READ ON:**



AND NOW--WELL! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME MISTAKE!

A FULL-GROWN DUCK--FROM THE EGG! MORE! MORE!

QUACK-QUACK.

IMAGINE, PETE--THEY'RE REAL HEAD-HUNTERS! MANDRAKE CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE THEM!

YEAH? JUST THE SAME, I'M FEELING MY NECK EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE--JUST TO BE SURE MY HEAD'S STILL ON TOP OF IT!

I THINK KRAG LIED ABOUT THE MAGICIAN. HE IS FRIENDLY, BUT WATCH HIM. IF HE ATTEMPTS TO STEAL THE IDOL, AS KRAG SAID---

IT'S QUIET NOW--AND DARK. LOTHAR AND I WILL LOOK AT THE IDOL NOW--AND SEE IF THE TREASURE HUNT CLUE IS HIDDEN ON IT ANYWHERE.

BE CAREFUL, MANDRAKE.

THIS MUST BE THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR LOTHAR. SEE--IT HAS A SINGLE RED EYE!

MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR ENTER THE FORBIDDEN TEMPLE OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS' IDOL!

HUH!--LOOK ALL THE BONE HEADS!

YOU MEAN SKULLS! YES, FORMER VICTIMS OF OUR HOSTS, I SUPPOSE. I WONDER WHERE THE CLUE IS--

UH! THE ARM--THE IDOL'S ARM--MOVED!

RASH STRANGERS! YOU ARE DOOMED!

AND THE TOOL SPEAKS! TO BE CONTINUED



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Mervyn Southwell and his bride, formerly Janette Gillespie, in the vestry of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Queanbeyan, after their marriage.



MEETING THE DUCHESS. Mrs. Royce Lysaght, late of Murrumbidgee, now of Sydney, is presented to the Duchess of Gloucester at the garden party given by the Duke and Duchess at Government House.



AT GARDEN PARTY. Major and Mrs. Leonard Avery snapped at the Royal garden party given by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at Government House, Sydney. Major Avery's formal garden party attire was last worn by him in 1914 at Ascot. He first met the Duchess when they were fellow guests of the Governor of Uganda.



PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. Harold Herman leaving Temple Emanuel with her husband, Private Harold Herman, A.I.F., of Bellevue Hill. Mrs. Herman formerly Norma Dent, of Eose Bay.

Intimate Gossipings

ALWAYS a thrill when we hear of young Australians doing well overseas. Latest Australian lass to be given important position is Isobel Ann Sheard, who has been appointed senior announcer for the B.B.C. in their Pacific Edition.

Isobel, who in private life is the wife of another talented Australian who has made a name for himself in London, Charles Zwar, writes news of exciting new job to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheard, of Lindfield.

A publisher of juvenile books—she has nine to her credit—Isobel left Australia nine years ago to contact her publishers in London. For the past four years she has been an announcer with the B.B.C.

Isobel went to Abbotleigh School, and took a course in psychology at Sydney University before going abroad.

ISOBEL and her husband, Charles, who is now out of the Army, live at Lansdowns Terrace, London. Charles will be remembered by Australian theatregoers by his music in "Blue Mountain Melody," in which Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard appeared some years ago in Sydney. He is now musical director at the Ambassador Theatre, London, and working on his next production, "Sweetest and Lowest," which opens on May 9.

CALL in at David Jones to have a peep at John Lee's "Gallery of Beautiful Women," but am so entranced with pictures that I stay to take a good look. Proceeds for exhibition are for Food for Britain Appeal and the Way Sydney people roll up it looks as though it will be successful. Edwin Styles opens exhibition and lots of the beauties who appear in photographs sell catalogues.

LOTS of romance in the A. G. Eastman family at the moment. Meet Mrs. Eastman, who tells me she had news from her daughter, Mrs. June Hood, in America, telling her of her marriage with well-known screen and radio star William Avon Pruitt. Couple are living on Bill's ranch in Arizona, and plan trip to Alaska in June. Mrs. Eastman's son David trips off to Southport, Queensland, this week, to deliver lovely diamond-and-emerald engagement ring to fiancée Pamela Stephens, youngest daughter of the H. Stephens, of Southport.



RECENT ARRIVALS. Major Donald Hall, of Vaucluse, arrives by Monterey with his Canadian wife and daughter, Jane Ann. Major Hall was doing dental postgraduate course in Toronto when war was declared, and he joined Canadian Dental Corps.

"IM haunting grocery shops," says Diana Chapman when I meet her. Appears that in addition to sending off parcels to her sister Mary (Mrs. Charles Cree) in England, she is busy parcelling up foodstuffs for the Lady Brabourne, in London. Captain the Lord Brabourne, when he visited Sydney on Lord Louis Mountbatten's staff, had a letter of introduction to Diana, and as he was leaving he asked her to send off some parcels for him.

CAN hardly wait to see lovely glamor gowns Madge Elliott is bringing with her when she arrives in Sydney on Good Friday with husband Cyril Ritchard by Lancastrian plane. Understand Hartnell has designed frocks which Madge will wear when she appears in the Noel Coward bracket of plays, "Shadow Play," "Ways and Means," and "Family Album," listed to open at the Theatre Royal about the middle of May. One particularly lovely dress is a tulle evening gown in Hartnell-green embroidered with pale yellow sequins.

CHEERY reception given by Sydney Symphony Orchestral Committee at Royal Empire Society for visiting conductor Walter Susskind. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moses and their daughter, Kathleen, entertain at dinner at Prince's after party.



ARRANGING programme. Mrs. Arthur Hotchkiss (left) and Miss Evelyn Gardiner choose numbers for the Gilbert and Sullivan night to be held at Mrs. Hotchkiss' home on April 27 to raise funds for the Dr. Dill Mackay Memorial Homes.

BACK from their honeymoon are Corporal John Pringle, A.I.F., of Barraba, and his bride, formerly Elizabeth Dutton, of Hunter's Hill. Couple were married recently at All Saints', Woollahra, and will make their home with Elizabeth's family while John studies medicine at Sydney University as soon as he receives his discharge from the Army.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Alan Cummins and his bride, formerly Pat Simmons, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Simmons, of Trundle, New South Wales, with attendants Sergeant Freda Simmons, A.W.A.S., bride's sister, and Dr. Keith Elphinstone.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Captain Ray Meyers, of Melbourne, and his bride formerly Betty Samuel, of Bellevue Hill, at reception at Ranelagh, Woollahra, after marriage at St. Mark's, Joan Barnett bridesmaid, and Commander R. Mills, R.N., best man.

YOU'RE Governor, sir!
said one of Lieutenant-General Northcott's aides when congratulatory messages on his appointment as Governor of N.S.W. began arriving at about dinner-time on April 1.

Our special correspondent in Kure, Dorothy Drain, says that one message from the Governor of Victoria (Sir Winston Dugan) arrived thirty-one minutes after it was sent from Melbourne.

General Northcott gave a brief Press interview at his house at Kure and had his picture taken in the garden among the pine trees overlooking Kure harbor the next day.

He said: "Being C-in-C. of BOOP has been the most interesting job I could have and I am glad to have worked on the plans of the combined force."

"However, there are other jobs to be done. When I have got the force together and functioning satisfactorily, I can hand it over to someone else to carry on."

"Worry Club"

A MELBOURNE information bureau is providing a unique service, unofficially called "The Worry Club."

For a nominal fee of 5/-, clients can obtain advice on how to solve their problems.

The problems can range from personal and domestic to legal, financial and political.

The personal and domestic worries are handled by psychologists. Queries are "farmed out" to the bureau's panel of consultants, who are all experts in their particular fields, and an answer is returned to the inquirer within 48 hours.

An additional service provided by the organization for country people is a shopping section.

Clients send in a rough outline of their needs, from bootlaces to breadstuffs, and the bureau's buyers do the rest. This also costs 5/-.

Up to date, the only problems that the bureau has not been able to answer satisfactorily have been those dealing with the housing shortage.

WORTH Reporting

A dog's life

SOME people thought they had solved their housing problem when, threatened with eviction, they agreed to share a house.

All being of amiable dispositions, the arrangement should have gone well, but they reckoned without the two dogs belonging to each family—a collie and an Irish setter.

After all members of the joint household were reduced to nervous prostration as the result of refereeing dog fights and one visitor had had his leg bitten through to the muscle when engaged on the same peace-making mission, a compromise conference was held.

Community living, it was decided, is not for dogs. So, in future, the belligerent two will alternately spend a month in a veterinary hospital and at home.

They will never meet again.

MORE than a score of people rushed to join "Alcoholics Anonymous"—an organization of self-curing dipsomaniacs—when they saw part of a fur coat walking in Times Square, New York.

It was a fine pet marmoset looking for its momma.

R.A.A.F. paintings

AN exhibition showing the R.A.A.F. at war will tour Australia in the next few months. The first showing will be at the Melbourne Art Gallery on May 7.

There are 108 pictures, the work of three Melbourne artists who were official R.A.A.F. artists.

They are Max Newton, Eric Thake, and Harold Friedman, who painted the men of the R.A.A.F. in New Guinea, Borneo, and the Philippines.

The dates of the exhibition in the various capital cities are: Sydney, June 12; Brisbane, July 11; Adelaide, August 27; Perth, September 26; and Hobart, October 31.

LOST HORIZON

By LARRY ROYS

IF I were, say, nineteen,
And not the old has-been
That I am now,
I vow
We'd travel, hand-in-hand,
The road to Samarkand
And faraway
Cathay.

But as it is, my pet,
This holiday we'll get
The same old train
Again.

Bai jove!

THE impact of Australians in Japan has had its effect, at least, on one English Army captain who had recently come from Poona, according to a letter from Sergeant Leo Baurert, of Sydney, with BOOP at Kure.

He writes: "There is a Pommy captain working with us now, and I told him I had always wanted to know a Pukka Sahib from Poona, as I didn't think they existed outside the funny papers."

"That nearly caused a rift in the 'English' relations, but he is beginning to see the point and is taking it in the right manner."

"Yesterday afternoon he came in and asked me for a screw driver and a hammer and a pair of pliers, old chap, I'm going out scrounging, bai heavens."

BRIGADIER M. ("Morrie") Moten will lead the Army Section in the Empire Victory March in London.

We are reminded of an odd coincidence which he related after his campaign in New Guinea.

At one stage he was leading his men against a Japanese force commanded by an officer named "Mori-moto."

Letter from Manila

A LETTER has been sent to us by a friend of an Australian girl, Miss Colleen Milnes, who is working with the Headquarters of Pacific Air Service Command in Manila.

In the letter Miss Milnes says that the girls live in barracks and each has a decent-sized room.

"The outer wall is all made of mosquito-meshing, except for two feet of boarding in the middle."

"In the centre of the building are the showers, laundries, and ironing-rooms."

"The Filipino girls do our rooms, make the beds, and wash and iron. They'll even wash your hair and clean your shoes if they're asked."

"We have an enormous refrigerator in which to keep our fruit, beer, or fruit-juice."

"We have to keep an electric light burning in the wardrobes all day so as to keep our clothes from going mouldy."

"We eat at the Officers' Club, and it's pretty cheap. Every meal a day there seven days a week only costs 31/8."

"We start work at 7 a.m. and finish at 3.30 p.m., with an hour for lunch."

"However, we are absolutely dependent on an officer to accompany us anywhere we want to go, as we are not allowed to leave the post unescorted. It is still considered pretty unsafe in the city, and no one walks around unarmed."

Animal Antics



"We'd better find out first if there's any cover charge."

Lag in luxury

ACCORDING to a message from our London office, it looks as though postwar luxury air travel is still a long way off.

Prospective passengers in the British Overseas Airways Corporation (B.O.A.C.) planes are requested to bring their own soap and towels.

This smart hat for sale —yours for 52/6



TWO VIEWS of the smart, high-crowned sailor showing alternate trimmings. Created from the finest wool felt by an outstanding French milliner, this hat can be had for immediate wear from The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Department.

Specially designed for you by a notable French milliner, this model comes to you in the finest wool felt complete with two distinctive sets of ready-to-wear trimmings.

There are eight smart colors from which to choose. You can wear this new, high-crowned sailor slightly tilted forward, on the level, or on the back of the head.

IT'S so versatile, so adaptable. It becomes the round face or the oval face. It lends distinction to a two-piece, or topcoat; it teams beautifully with furs, with cocktail dresses.

It can be a saucy hat, a dignified hat, an ultra-smart affair — The Australian Women's Weekly model hat suits all types, all ages.

Here are details of colors, trimmings, sizes, and price:

Amber, with brown trimming and brown veiling.

Duchess-blue with soft navy-blue trimming and veiling.

Mist-pink with pastel blue trimming and navy or brown veiling.

Silver-grey with grey trimming and veiling.

Wood-brown with dark brown trimming and brown veil.

Spirited red with bright blue trimming and navy veiling.

Navy with red trimming and navy veiling.

Black with pastel blue trimming and black veiling.

In addition, the contrast trimming of finely corded ribbon and pom-poms (note illustration) accompanies each hat.

These two sets of trimmings are made in such a way as to be slipped on or off the hat as desired.

When ordering state head size required: 21½, 22, or 22½. (To measure head-size slip tape round hair at nape of neck and bring to a point on forehead just below hair-line.)

The Australian Women's Weekly model hat costs 52/6, plus 1/6 postage. N.B.: It comes in a special box by registered mail.

Send your order to The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Department. Addresses in each State are given at the foot of page 33.

NEW YORK ROUND-UP

America's grandmothers become younger every year

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

There are some pretty nippy grandmothers about these parts. The American grandma seems to be getting younger and spryer. She thinks it must have been nice to be Whistler's grandmother, but it is nicer to be whistled at!

"WARTIME boom in marriages and births has lowered the age of grandmothers," said Mrs. Rose Dyvig at a meeting of the National Grandmothers' Club. "A lot of women have been made grandmothers unexpectedly. The youngest we discovered was 32. We made her an honorary member."

The purpose of the club is to glorify grandmotherhood. Asked how this is done, Mrs. Dyvig said: "The club encourages members to keep a youthful outlook."

A "kitchen band" is the glory of the club. Musicians perform on sink-strainers, trying-pans, and washboards.

Yes, indeed, grandma is getting younger and spryer.

NEW YORK'S policewomen are marrying so fast that the department can't replace them. The reason is that members of the city's lady police contingent are pretty, young, curaceous, alert—and tough.

Many of them are picked for beauty, given magnificent clothes, so they can mix with guests at fashionable hotels and parties without their identity being suspected.

So the guests at the Countess Baud's party at the Waldorf never

suspect that the young beauty in mink is keeping an eye on the jewels. The girls' college crook never suspects that the bobby-soxer laden with books is really a policewoman.

Beach "wolves" get a shock when they accost a beautiful blonde in a bathing suit, and she flashes a badge.



THE LITTLE SCOUTS

A PSYCHOLOGY professor is disturbed because his wife almost divorced him for disturbing her rest by reading far into the night. But he thinks he's got the game beaten. He's studying Braille.

HERE'S a story of a pearl in a coffee cup. A young lady, while dining in a night-club, felt her pearl earring give way.

She clutched at it, but it bounced into a gentleman's coffee cup. The girl's boy-friend said, "Wouldn't it be fun to see the man drink up the coffee and then find a pearl at the bottom of the cup?"

The girl giggled agreement, but the man decided the coffee was cold and sent the cup away.

The girl grasped the waiter's arm and said, "There's a pearl in that cup."

The waiter sniffed contemptuously and walked towards the kitchen.

Finally the head waiter on appeal allowed the couple to go to the kitchen, and after half an hour the jewel was finally found.

But if you know anything about women, you'll know what happened in the meantime — the girl lost her second earring, and they never did find that one.



PROFESSIONAL Miss Minnie Love, who is associated with the Minerva Academy, Sydney, supervises Shirley Finch and Kevin Ives in a romantic scene from George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man"



JOY is registered by 22-year-old Mrs. W. J. Young, who is planning a stage career under the name of June Vogler.



GRIEF. Dorothy St. Heaps, prominent in "Hippolytus" — also stage



STUDY IN CONCENTRATION. Class of girl students, intent on their lesson, are instructed in script reading by Mr. Richard Parry, Whitehall producer

From frontline to footlight for stage careers

Eager to embark on stage careers, increasing numbers of ex-Service men and women are enrolling with the Whitehall Academy of Dramatic Art in Sydney.

Under the Post-War Training Scheme, aspiring young artists are exchanging Service life for the theatre—battle-dress for bright costumes, route marches for ballet routines, bayonets for fencing foils, stentorian parade shouts for dulcet, delicate stage whispers.

EVERY branch of dramatic art taught at the Academy—voice production, phonetics, diction, deportment, acting, mime make-up, fencing, and dancing—is thoroughly digested.

The entrechats, arabesques, and pirouettes of ballet might

prove tough going for a few of the weighty ex-sergeants and privates at first, but they stick to it, knowing that it is an important part of their training for carriage and stage confidence.

According to Mr. Roland Walton, co-director with Miss Kathleen Robinson of the Academy, a great deal of unsuspected stage talent is being unearthed among ex-Service pupils.

"Quite a few of the Service lads and girls who first discovered their theatrical possibilities at camp concerts during the war show promise of

Fire thousand costumes

DRAMATIC art is doing a great deal to encourage interest in theatre in Australia.

In Melbourne, one of several groups is the National Theatre Movement, conducted by trade Johnstone, who is dramatic art, mime, ballet, Indian, Egyptian, and Greek dancing; opera and costumes and dress and wardrobe of 500 costumes.

becoming fine stage artists said Mr. Walton.

"With solid training at Academy that talent is encouraged, developed, polished until the day when the former camp concert stars become leading names in the Australian theatre."

In addition to service and servicewomen pupils, Academy is training young men and women from a walk of life.

Study at night

THESE pupils spend three nights a week studying and working towards their ambition of becoming stage artists.

During the day they are professional, clerical, and factory workers. Modelled on the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, Whitehall's Academy is the largest in Australia.

Began in August, 1944, the object of providing full-time professional training for the stage, numbers approximately 100 students.

Under the principal, Miss Blackman, pupils have the advantage of learning from professional teachers, many of whom are Australian stage personalities.

Feature of the two-year course, which is broken into terms, is the awarding of



AUDITION held before Miss Kathleen Robinson and Mr. Roland Walton, directors. Joan Griffiths, of Edgecliff, speaks some lines.



BALLET LESSONS under Miss Frances Scully develop grace of carriage. Many pupils were in the Services.



MAKE-UP tried by Ossie Conroy (right) and John Brock.



FEAR, strikingly portrayed by nineteen-year-old Ann Laird, scholarship winner, who has had parts in two shows.



DETERMINED EXPRESSION of Leonie Robertson, of Potts Point, at fencing class, symbolises ambition of all Academy students for stage success.

Arts-Services recruits train

ships each term to two outstanding pupils—boy and girl. Winners of these scholarships, which are awarded at the end of their second term, are entitled to the completion of their tuition without further payment of the academy fee of £7/7/- per term.

Adjudicators for these scholarships include well-known stage personalities and Press critics. New students are enrolling every term, and in a few months' time, 27 students will graduate from the Academy with diplomas. Under the skilled direction of their teachers, these students have already produced several outstanding plays—"Hippolytus," "Cradle Song," "Importance of Being Ernest," "Jane Eyre," "Night of January 16," and "Ladies Only."

In production now is "The Merchant of Venice," which will be staged at the Minerva in the middle of the year.

Pupils and their Whitehall teachers are confident it will be a really professional performance.



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS. Corporal Carmel Sexton, W.A.A.F., and Kevin Ives in "Jane Eyre."



AT THE BAR. Betty Mitchell and Dinah Goodman at ballet class. They will be among the first 27 to graduate from the Academy.



LESSON in voice production demands concentration. Men and girls in beginners' class give all their attention to what Mr. Frederick J. Blackman has to teach them.

SCRAPHEAP- HERE I COME!

NO POT OR PAN CAN
STAND UP TO SCRATCHY
CLEANSERS THAT SCRAPE
THINGS CLEAN



Clean
Smoothly with
VIM
-NEVER SCRATCHES

YOU CAN'T GET QUALITY
LIKE MINE TODAY, YET I'M
GOOD AS EVER. THAT'S
SMOOTH-CLEANING WITH
VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED
PARTICLES!



MASLENNIKOV

went to the corridor and shouted loudly: "Anya, Anya, where are you?"

The girl came in and stood shyly on the threshold. It seemed to Saburov that in these eight days she had grown even thinner.

"Sit down, sit down," Saburov said bustling about. He was trying to be hospitable, but he did everything clumsily. Instead of simply moving up the little stool, he picked it up and dropped it on the floor with such a crash that the girl started with surprise.

"How are you?" Saburov asked, addressing his question to no one in particular.

"All right," the girl said. She smiled and sat down. "And you?"

"I'm all right, too."
"What do you mean—all right? We're wonderful," Maslennikov interrupted cheerfully. "We're getting along splendidly. Look how it is here." He waved his arm proudly as if everything round them really did represent a wonderful and comfortable life.

"It seems you've been taking out our wounded?" Saburov asked.

"The first day it wasn't I," the girl said, "but these last three days I."

"In all, you've taken one hundred and eight men?"

"Yes, including those on the first day. I myself only ninety."

"You didn't duck anyone crossing the river?"

"No." She smiled, remembering how she herself had been ducked.

"No one. Only in the evening, once, they fired at us from an aeroplane while we were on a raft. They killed four men."

"Fine?"

"Fine?"

"Fine?"

Continuing . . . Days and Nights

from page 5

"You disappeared so fast that time . . ."

"Yes, I forgot to thank you."

"For nothing."

"I know. Still, all the same, thank you."

"When are you going back?" Saburov asked.

"I have to wait until evening. I was late this time, and it's already growing light."

"Yes, when it gets light you can't get back with wounded. Never mind, you can get a rest here. The lieutenant and I are going out right away."

"But won't I be bothering you?"

From the way this was said, Saburov saw that she was tired beyond belief, and that a cot on which she could lie down and cover herself with a blanket seemed to her at that moment almost a dream.

"No, not at all," he said.

"Fine, then, I'll get a rest," the girl said simply.

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"Well, at least he's quit begging!"

Saburov said. "I was certain I would meet you again some time."

"Why?"

"I've noticed, somehow, it just works out that way. In war you seldom meet people only once. Where did you live, far from here?"

"No, very near. If you go down that street to the right, then in the third block . . ."

"That means the Germans still have your home?"

"Yes."

"Anya, Anya . . ." Saburov said, suddenly remembering something. "Do you know, Anya, I think maybe I've got a surprise for you? But maybe not, I don't know, maybe it won't surprise you."

He was not really certain, but somehow it seemed to him that if one coincidence had already taken place with this girl, another could.

"How are you going to surprise me?" she asked.

"Is your name Klimenko?" Saburov asked.

"Yes."

"Then for certain I'll surprise you, and even make you happy. I've seen your mother."

"Mother? Where?"

"On the other side of the river, at Eltonskaia," Saburov said. "And your father is somewhere here, in the city, isn't he?"

"Yes," Anya said.

"I saw your mother in Eltonskaia, nine days ago, the same day we crossed the Volga with you. Only then I didn't know your name. That was why I didn't mention it."

"How about her, how is she?" Anya asked eagerly.

"All right. She had come there on foot. She said the bombing had separated her from you."

"Yes, she was at home and I wasn't. How did she look? Very tired?"

"A little . . ."

"What's most important, she was alive."

"That's exactly what she said to me about you: 'what's important is that she's alive,'" Saburov smiled.

"You're right. That's the main thing nowadays."

The girl put her arms on the table and lowered her head on them. She wanted to cross-examine Saburov about her mother but what could he add? He had seen her only for a couple of minutes.

"You lie down," Saburov said.

"Lie down on my couch. I'm going out right away and won't be back until evening. I'll wake you up when you've got to go."

"I'll wake up myself," she said

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confidently. Then she walked over to the couch, sat down on it, and bounced up and down on the springs like a child. In surprise she said: "Oh, it's soft. I haven't slept on anything like this for a long time."

"There's something else we're going to fix up differently here," Maslennikov said. "I saw two leather armchairs outside in the ruins. They'll need a bit of cleaning, but then they'll make this place like a parlor-car." He went out.

"What's he to you?" the girl asked.

"My chief of staff."

"Is he nice, too?"

"What do you mean—too?"

"I mean, like you," she said. "That is, not exactly like you. He's like me. That is, I don't mean that—that he's nice, like me . . . But I . . ."

She got confused, then smiled. "What I wanted to say was that he is like me, still quite young, while you're already grown-up."

"You've already written me down for an old man," Saburov shook his head.

"No, why an old man?" she said seriously. "It's just that I can see that you are grown-up, and we aren't yet. You, probably, have already lived through a great deal in your life, haven't you?"

"I don't know, maybe . . . I suppose I have," Saburov agreed doubtfully.

"And I—I haven't. I've hardly got anything even to remember." Covering her mouth with her hand, she yawned.

"Lie down," he said. "Go to sleep."

She stretched and lay down. Saburov took his overcoat from a nail in the wall and covered the girl with it.

"But what will you go out in?" she asked.

"In the daytime I always go without a coat."

"That's not true."

"Yes it is, I always tell the truth. Remember that in the future."

"All right," she said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Is that the truth?"

"I already told you. I always tell the truth."

"Well, all right, I know," she looked at him untrusting. "Of course, it's the truth, if you say so, but you don't look it. Maybe it is true that you're only twenty-nine, but somehow you seem much older . . ."

She closed her eyes, then opened them again.

"Do you know, I'm terribly tired. The last two days, everywhere I went, I kept thinking to myself how nice it would be to lie down and fall asleep."

"Go ahead and sleep."

"Right away . . . Have you got any children?"

"No."

"And haven't you got a wife?"

"No."

"Is that the truth?"

Saburov laughed. "We already agreed about that."

"All right, I believe you," she said. "But I asked because when you soldiers at the front joke with us—with girls, I mean—it's as if you had all agreed with each other—you always say you aren't married and then laugh . . . Look, you're laughing, too, just see . . ."

"I'm laughing, but it is the truth just the same."

"Then what are you laughing at?"

"You asked it in such a funny way."

"Why was it funny? I wanted to know, so I asked," she said in a voice already heavy with sleep, and she closed her eyes.

Saburov stood for a moment looking down at her. Through the window it was growing light. It was the start of another day of back-breaking work, another day of sleep. But on this particular day a new worry had been added to all he had already. It was anxiety about this girl, lying there in the corner, under his overcoat. He had a confused feeling that the girl had become somehow tied up with all he would have to think about, with the battle and death around him.

"I'll wake up myself," she said

"I'll wake up myself," she said

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**TROUBLE
ON HIS
HANDS**



"A PARTY! JOHNNY'S THOUGHTS WERE SWEET WITH ALL THE GOODIES HE WOULD EAT"



HE MEANT TO KEEP CLEAN FOR MAMMA BUT...WELL...YOU KNOW HOW THESE THINGS ARE!



AT LAST SHE SAW HIS HANDS: THEY'RE BLACK! -YOU SCAMP, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU BACK!



HIS YELLS BROUGHT PEOPLE ON THE SCENE - BUT SOLVOL MADE HIM PARTY CLEAN

**Solvof shifts
grime faster..**

Solvof cleans hands quicker, easier, more thoroughly than ordinary soaps ever can. You see, Solvof has a more penetrating lather, a special lather that routs all kinds of dirt. Get Solvof tomorrow and in only 30 seconds see how much cleaner Solvof gets the dirtiest pair of hands!



Days and Nights

Continued from page 28

SABUROV looked at the girl, and it suddenly seemed to him that when evening came and she had to leave this room and recross the river, then he would miss her more than he could imagine. He turned abruptly away.

"You going out without a coat?" Petya asked him as he walked out. "It's too heavy and, besides, it's still warm to-day."

"Heavy or not, I'll carry it for you, when it gets really warm."

"Never mind. I don't need it. Let's get going."

The day dragged on heavily. In the morning the usual bombardment began, this time more furious and more accurate than ever. Saburov was convinced that they would not get by to-day without a particularly strong attack.

By noon it was clear that he was right. After bombing the buildings three times, the Germans began a heavy mortar barrage and under its cover sent tanks along the street. Behind them, running from doorway to doorway along the walls, moved riflemen.

The first attack was beaten back, but two hours later a second began. This time two tanks broke through and crashed their way into the courtyard of the apartment house. Before they were burned up, they had crushed several soldiers and an anti-tank gun with its entire crew. The first tank burned like a torch. The second was knocked out, but only after it had stopped could it be set afire with bottles of gasoline.

At four o'clock the bombing began again and it continued until five. At six, after a long spell of mortar fire, the Germans attacked again. This time they came without tanks. At one place they succeeded in seizing a small building, which had formerly housed a power transformer and the ruins of a wall.

Just before dark, in the twilight, Saburov assembled fifteen riflemen. He was convinced he could not leave

things as they were until morning. They crawled up to the little building and after a long, confused, and noisy exchange of shots recaptured it. It cost him several killed and wounded.

Although he did not notice it at first, because of the confusion and his own exhaustion, his sleeve was ripped to the shoulder and his arm seared by a bullet.

In the middle of the day he had been hit by concussion blast from a bomb exploding against a wall close to him, and as a result he had become half deaf. Through the rest of the day he did everything in a kind of depressed, dull spirit, moving almost automatically, tired to the bone.

When the little powerhouse had finally been recaptured, he sat down on the ground, worn out. He leaned against a fragment of wall, unscrewed the cap of a flask, and took several swallows. He felt cold, and for the first time that day realised that he was still without an overcoat.

As if guessing his thoughts, Petya gave him someone else's coat, obviously taken from a dead soldier. It was too small for him, and at first he threw it over his shoulders, but Petya made him slip his arms through the sleeves.

Saburov and Maslennikov returned to their quarters only when it had become quite dark. The lamp was burning on the table. Saburov looked casually at the couch. The girl was still sleeping.

"She must be really tired, but she'll have to be awakened," he thought, and suddenly he realised that throughout the entire day, from the minute he had first realised there would be a strong attack to the minute when he returned, he had not once thought about the girl.

Without taking off their coats, he and Maslennikov sat down at the table across from each other, and Saburov poured vodka into their homemade cups.

"May I come in?" a strange voice asked.

"Yes, come in," Saburov replied. Into the room walked a short man with one bar on the shoulder of his uniform. He walked over to the table, limping, and leaning slightly on a homemade cane.

"Senior Political Instructor Vanin," he said, saluting a little carelessly. "I have been appointed your commissar."

"I'm very glad to see you here," Saburov said, standing up and shaking hands with him. "Sit down."

Vanin shook hands with Maslennikov, too, and sat down on a squeaky stool.

Saburov looked closely at this fellow who from now on was to be his chief assistant. Vanin had a heavy head of slightly wavy hair, and bright blue eyes.

Pulling the lamp over to him, Saburov read Vanin's letter of recommendation. This was a carbon copy of a divisional order naming Vanin commissar for the 2nd Battalion of the 693rd Rifle Division.

It took hardly more than ten minutes to fill in Vanin officially on the situation in the battalion. Everything was covered without superfluous words; shells and mines were running low; cartridges were also low but not yet dangerously so; hot food was distributed at night in thermos containers.

They still had vodka above their ration because every day soldiers were being killed or wounded and the sergeants, by old custom, never hurried to take their names off the vodka ration lists; uniforms in eight days of creeping and lying in trenches had either disintegrated into rags or been rubbed threadbare and covered with mud.

Saburov leaned back on his stool against the wall, by force of habit, and began to roll a cigarette, show-

ing in this way that the official part of the conversation was finished. For a while they chatted stily, then Vanin, a little diffidently, asked, "Do you know what the commander of the regiment said to me when he sent me to you?"

"What?"

"Go to Saburov. He fights not so badly, but he loves to argue and he's nearly always in some kind of mood." "What kind of mood?" I asked him. "In general, some kind of mood," he said and waved his hand as if that explained everything.

Saburov laughed. "Thank you for your frankness. I admit, I do get moods sometimes—sometimes one kind and sometimes another. My chief of staff here could probably tell you a lot about them."

He turned to Maslennikov, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Commissar, you and I have a really remarkable chief of staff. He's good, he's been shot up, he's cool under fire, but, do you know, he thinks too much about how to dream up something special which will make him a real hero. Say a powder magazine, with a fuse in his hand. I'm joking, Misha, I'm joking. Don't get sore. Instead, get up and put on some kind of record for us."

"Have you really got a gramophone?" Vanin asked.

"Of course. We even thought of moving a piano down from the third floor, but yesterday they shot it out from there ahead of us, and now there's nothing left but its strings."

Vanin and Maslennikov went over to the radiator on which the gramophone stood. Carelessly turning over the records, Vanin picked one up and said: "Let's try this one." Maslennikov wound up the gramophone.

"The girl is certainly sleeping soundly," Saburov said when the gramophone stopped. "Even the music didn't wake her. It's too bad, but she's got to get up."

HE crossed the room and went up to the cot. What he had thought was the girl turned out to be nothing but his overcoat thrown flat on the bed.

"That's funny," he said in surprise. "Petya, where's the nurse?" Petya, who knew everything, as orderlies do, said the girl had gone out two hours before.

"Where did she go? Across the river?"

"No, Comrade Captain, she's still here. . . . Something has happened. This is how it was. Over there, in front, where the little garden was, there were groans coming from no man's land. It sounded as if someone were calling for help. Well, they came along to tell this to the soldier on duty, and it was just then that she woke up. Well, so they went out there—that is—they crawled off in that direction."

"Who went out?"

"Well, she went along. . . ."

"She did! You ought to be ashamed to admit it. A whole battalion of soldiers, but when you hear some groans the nurse has to go."

"No, Comrade Captain, she didn't go alone. Her own stretcher-bearer crawled out with her, and our Kouzyukov, too. He was on duty here and he went along."

"When was all this?"

"Just now—I mean, two hours ago."

"Call the guard," Saburov said, putting on his overcoat.

"Stay here, I'll be back right away," he added to Vanin and Maslennikov.

The night was cold and clouds covered half the sky, but a half-moon was shining, and it was fairly light. Saburov shivered from the cool of the night. The soldier on duty ran up to him.

"Where did they crawl off to?"

The soldier pointed with his hand: "In that direction, Comrade Captain, between the fence, to the left, and along the ruins there."

Please turn to page 30



Glamorous Joan Crawford
says

SOFT SMOOTH SKIN JUST INVITES ADMIRATION, ROMANCE. I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY **LUX TOILET SOAP** ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS...THEY'RE A REAL BEAUTY AID

A WARNER BROTHERS' STAR IN "MILDRED PIERCE"

LUX TOILET SOAP

IN RECENT TESTS,
3 OUT OF 4 COMPLEXIONS IMPROVED IN A SHORT TIME WITH LUX TOILET SOAP FACIALS

Just smooth its active lather lightly into your skin. Then rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat the face dry. Do this every time you wash and you'll be amazed at the difference to your skin!

THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE
OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS

FOR

a second Saburov felt a desire to crawl forward himself and find out what was going on, but he quickly controlled it. This was not an occasion when he had the right to risk his life.

"As soon as anything is known, report it to me at once. I'll be waiting," he said to the soldier.

He did not have to wait. Out of the darkness, three figures appeared from the direction in which the ruins of the building sloped off to the ground like the side of a hill. Two were holding up the third, who was limping.

Saburov walked up to meet them. Konyukov and the stretcher-bearer were holding Anya under her shoulders. Saburov could not see her face, but he could tell she was in bad shape from the way she hung helplessly between the arms of Konyukov and the stretcher-bearer.

"Permit me to report," Konyukov said, continuing to support Anya with his left arm, and saluting with his right.

"Later," Saburov said. "Take her into my room. Or no, lay her down here, in the guard-house."

They called the guard-house a small recess between the staircase and a wall. On its fourth side it was closed in by a curtain. In this recess there stood a table, a stool for a telephone operator, and an upholstered armchair which had been dragged out of someone's apartment for the soldier on duty. In the corner a mattress lay on the ground. The orderly and Konyukov placed Anya on it. Konyukov quickly folded up an overcoat and placed it under her head.

"Well, have you fixed her up?" Saburov asked, standing outside.

"Yes, Comrade Captain," Konyukov said, coming out of the room.

"Permit me to report."

"Go on."

"We heard some groans. So she," Konyukov nodded in the direction of the girl, "she'll crawl out there, there must be someone wounded, and she called her stretcher-bearers. Well, one of them is a little fellow

He looks half-dead, just a young boy. I'll go," he says, but I see that he's not happy about it. So I tell him that I'll go instead."

"Well?"

"Permit me to report. We go along, all of us crawling, everything's quiet. We crawl along maybe one hundred and fifty yards, and there beyond the ruins we find him. He's dead now."

"What do you mean, dead?"

"When we crawl up to him he's still living, wounded, groaning with all the voice that's in him. I say to him, 'Shut up, you or they'll shoot you for your voice.' We quieted him, but then the Germans, when they saw they didn't have a chance of getting us between the bricks with bullets, started throwing over some shells. They got him; they got him for good, and they got her in the leg, and she also got hit by the stones."

"At first she was so excited she wanted to drag him out, even though he's dead, but then she lost consciousness herself. We took his papers, but left him, and we dragged her out, and we brought her here. Permit me to report, Comrade Captain."

"Well, what else?"

"I'm sorry for the girl. After all, aren't there really enough men for this kind of work? All right, let her take care of the wounded back in the rear, in the hospital, but what's she here for? I was carrying her along, she's light as a feather, and I started to think: why do they let such a little girl go up under fire?"

Saburov answered nothing.

"Permit me to go," Konyukov said.

"You may go."

Saburov walked into the guard-house. Anya was lying quietly on the mattress. She opened her eyes.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" Saburov asked. He wanted to reproach her for going out so foolishly, without asking anyone, but at the same time he knew it would do no good.

Days and Nights

Continued from page 29

"Well, what's the matter with you?" he repeated more gently.

"They hit me," she said, "and then I got a rap on the head, a pretty heavy one. . . . But the wound, it's nothing, I think, just a scratch."

"Have they bandaged you?" Saburov asked, and then he noticed a bandage showing white under her cap.

"Yes, they fixed me up," she said. "How about your leg?"

"We also bandaged her leg," said the stretcher-bearer who was standing over her. "Would you like a drink, nurse?"

"No, thanks."

SABUROV

was wavering at this moment between two decisions. On the one hand, perhaps, it would be better not to touch her and to leave her here for two or three days until she got better.

On the other hand, several days ago a general order had gone out to the entire division not to leave any wounded in places where the slightly wounded could become severe cases by evening, and severely wounded could become dead men.

Saburov decided he should treat the girl like any soldier and send her that same night across the river.

"You can't walk, can you?"

"At the moment, I'm afraid I can't."

"That means we'll have to move you down to the shore with the other wounded, and right away, with top priority," Saburov said.

He expected her to say that she was not severely wounded and that she could just as well go with the last trip. But she understood from Saburov's face that he would send her with the first trip in any case, so she kept silent.

"If they hadn't wounded me," she said suddenly, "we would have got him out of there. But when they wounded me, the two of them

couldn't manage alone. . . . For he was killed," she said, as if trying to justify herself.

Saburov looked at her and realised that she was talking only to forget her pain, and that she was hurting all over, and ashamed at having been wounded so stupidly and unnecessarily. It seemed to him that she was also sad because he had talked to her so roughly. She's just a little girl, he thought, almost a child; she's hurt, and she's sorry for herself, and probably upset because he did not understand.

"Never mind," he said with unexpected softness in his voice. "Never mind." Moving up the armchair, he sat down next to her.

"They'll take you across the river right away. You must get well quickly, and then you'll soon be taking the wounded out again."

She smiled. "You're talking now just the way we always talk to the wounded: Never mind, old boy, you'll get better quickly, you'll be all right again."

"Well, why not? You are wounded now and so I talk to you just as I should."

"Do you know," she said, "I was just now thinking how really terrible it is, probably, for the wounded to be moved across the Volga when there's shooting. We move round and do everything, but they have to lie there and simply wait. Now it's the same with me, and so I was thinking of how frightening it probably is for them."

"Are you frightened, too?"

"No, for some reason I'm not a bit frightened now, for the first time."

She smiled again. "Well, are they going to take me right away?"

"Yes," he said, trying to give the "Yes" the same dry, superior officer's tone with which he had spoken earlier, but this time it didn't come out.

"Will you think of me?" she asked suddenly.

"I will."

WHEN

the stretcher-bearers came in several minutes later to take her away, she stood up and sat down on the stretcher herself, but it was clear that this was hard for her.

"My head aches badly," she said. They held her under the arms and laid her gently back on the stretcher. "Are they sending the others already?" Saburov asked.

"Yes, right away, we're going together," one of the stretcher-bearers said.

"Good."

Now the street outside was half in darkness. Saburov realised that he had not yet said anything of what he had terribly wanted to say to her in these minutes. The stretcher-bearers had already taken a few steps, and the stretcher began to move, and still nothing had been said, and no matter how much he wanted to he could say nothing—he did not know how and he did not dare.

He felt a sharp, irrational pity for this nurse who had bandaged and escorted so many wounded men and who was now lying helpless herself on a stretcher. To his own surprise, he bent over her, and putting his hands behind his back so as not to hurt her through any careless movement, he pressed his cheek close to her face. Then, not understanding himself what he was doing, he kissed her on the eyes, on the forehead, and on the lips.

When he raised his face, he saw she was looking at him with open eyes, clear and understanding, and it seemed to him that he had not simply kissed a helpless girl, who was unable to move or to protest, but that he had done this with her permission—that she had wanted it too.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Gangway everybody! I'm off to break all washday records with RICH-SUDSING RINSO!

1 THERE'S NO NEED FOR SLOW, OLD FASHIONED BAR SOAPS NOW! THESE RICHER, THICKER RINSO SUDS WHISK OUT DIRT IN A TWINK

2 RINSO SAVES HOURS EVERY WASHDAY BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE TO SCRUB AT ALL!

AND WHEN THERE'S NO SCRUBBING THERE'S NO WEAR. I LIKE RINSO 'COS IT MAKES CLOTHES LAST FAR LONGER

3 LOOK! THE WHITES ARE DAZZLING AND THE COLOURED ARE JUST LIKE NEW

AND YOU'VE FINISHED IN TIME TO COME TO THE PICTURES WITH ME

The better the suds the brighter your wash and RINSO gives the richest thickest suds of all

She Forgot About Fear

Continued from page 7

LOU stopped breathless and confused, and Ken said, "It's all right, I'm going away. See you later, Jane." He turned in the doorway and winked at her over Lou's shoulder, and she sought urgently for words which would make him stay. She didn't want to be left alone here with Lou Crane, who had come so silently into the office, obviously expecting it to be empty. But Ken closed the door behind him and went, and she had to cover up her dismay and be as polite to Lou as possible, and try to discover why she had come. But Lou seemed to have no desire to talk.

Jane said, "I'm so sorry, Lou. You must be feeling very upset. It was such a shock." She stopped, feeling her words naive and empty before Lou's silent regard. "She looks like a white rabbit," thought Jane irrelevantly. "Exactly," and wondered how it must have felt being plain and insignificant and having a sister as beautiful as Celia had been.

Lou opened her mouth as though to speak, but no words came, and the word "dumbstruck" flashed through Jane's mind, leaving behind it a wild impulse to laughter. She gripped the edge of the desk in an effort at self-control. "It's nerves," she thought. "I mustn't give way to it. It's simply nerves."

Then all at once, without warning, Lou put her head down on the desk and began to sob, dry, harsh sobbing which shook her whole body. "Don't!" begged Jane. "Lou, please don't! I know it's awful—but please don't cry like that."

She patted her shoulders and shook her and pleaded with her, but the sobbing grew louder, so that Jane felt her nerves jumping under the strain of it. Lou raised her head and began to rock herself to and fro. Her face was distorted, her mouth wide open, and her faded blonde hair hung in wisps about her cheeks, but there were no tears. Suddenly Jane knew what to do. She raised one arm and slapped Lou—a resounding slap on the cheek.

The sobbing stopped suddenly, and Lou opened her eyes and stared at Jane, startled, one hand to her cheek where a red mark stained the sallow skin.

"Now that's enough," said Jane, sternly, and fixed her with what she fondly hoped was a compelling gaze. Lou opened her mouth and moistened her lips, and for a moment Jane feared that she would begin again, but she merely whispered apologetically. "I'm so sorry. I keep thinking about the money."

Jane went to the water jug and poured a glass of water, and took from her purse two tablets which she gave to Lou. Her knees were shaking and her heart pounding as though she had run a long way. "Money," she thought. "Love or money. Oh, please let it be money and make her tell me."

Lou took the tablets, swallowed them, and drank half the water. She tried to straighten her hair, and Jane watched her impatiently.

She controlled an impulse to ask about the money. Lou was the sort of weak, obstinate person who became irritable when a question was pressed. She stopped dabbing at her hair and put her hands in her lap and began to pull at her handkerchief. Her eyes, watery and pale blue, stared at Jane.

"Celia was in terrible need of money," she said. "Terrible!"

A sob caught in her throat, and she stopped for a moment, and suddenly Jane realised that Lou must have loved Celia. Somehow she had taken it for granted that there

was no love lost between them, but that was because of Celia's attitude. It had never occurred to her that Lou might feel differently, and the sudden realisation that she did brought with it a surge of sympathy for her. She put out her hand and touched Lou's arm.

"Don't talk about it—if you'd rather not," she said gently. But Lou went on. "I've got to tell someone. I've thought about it all the morning, ever since we heard. And it must have something to do



with it. She wanted five thousand pounds."

Jane stared at her. Five thousand pounds seemed to her an incredible sum. Perhaps it wasn't so much for Lou, with Laurie Crane for a husband, but to a girl in Celia's position it was a monstrous amount. "She couldn't have owed all that," she said. "Why did she want it?"

Lou shook her head helplessly. "I don't know. I heard Laurie on the phone yesterday evening. He was shouting, and he didn't know I was there. She wanted to borrow it, you see, and he wouldn't let her have it." She stopped, and two thin lines suddenly hardened by her mouth. "If

it was that," she said, "if he sent her to her death rather than let her have the money, I'll never forgive him."

"Couldn't you . . . ?" Jane began, timidly, but Lou shook her head again quickly. "Laurie never lets me have a penny beyond my allowance," she said, "and she didn't ask me, anyway. I suppose she knew I wouldn't have it."

"But . . ." Jane stopped. Somewhere in the conversation she had lost the thread of logic. "But—people don't get murdered. I mean, lots of people commit suicide because they're in debt, but they're not murdered."

Lou shook her head in bewilderment. "She's never asked for that much before," she said. "And then she was murdered. I can't help thinking about it. I don't dare ask Laurie if he knows what she wanted it for. He'd be so furious if he knew I listened, though I couldn't help it. He was shouting into the phone. How could I help it? You won't get five thousand pence out of me, Celia," he was saying, 'let alone five thousand pounds.'"

She stopped, out of breath, and Jane noticed that she had torn her handkerchief to shreds. She said: "But what could it have been? At first I thought you meant she owed for clothes. She spends a lot on clothes—more than her salary would pay for. But five thousand pounds."

Lou leaned forward suddenly. "I thought there might be something in her desk—letters or something that would show . . . I didn't want the police to find. She's dead now. It might be something she wouldn't want people to know. And Laurie. He'd be so furious if there was any scandal . . ."

HER voice died away in an incoherent mutter, and Jane shook her head wearily. "There's nothing. The police have been through her desk. You can look if you like, though."

But Lou didn't bother to look. She stared hopelessly at Jane for a moment, and then began to cry. But it was not the hysterical sobbing of before, only a slow weeping of misery and indecision. Jane looked at her helplessly, then glanced at her watch. It was eleven o'clock. The girls would be making tea down in the lunch-room.

If she went down she could bring Lou a cup and it might make her feel better. But when she came back with the two brimming cups in her hands Lou was gone. There was only the sodden, torn handkerchief on the floor to show that she had ever been there.

Jane sat down and sipped her tea, and lit a cigarette while she reviewed what Lou had told her. But though she thought about it till the thoughts themselves seemed to blur with repetition she could find no possible solution to it.

Why had Celia wanted five thousand pounds, and why had she been murdered? There seemed no connection between the two things. No one murdered because the victim needed money.

She jumped as the door opened again. Mr. Harrison poked his head round the door and looked at her, his small, bright, bird-like eyes taking in every detail of her sprawled attitude, her cup of tea and her cigarette.

"Keeping busy, I suppose," he conjectured, with a false smile of approval. "Mustn't let our troubles distract us, you know."

He fitted away jauntily.

Please turn to page 33

What's on your mind?

Suffering of sheep should cause outcry

THE outcry about the "hell-ship" Yotzuki shows that after six years of war there is a small light of human kindness still burning. I suggest that it be turned on our "hell" trains, on which poor, inarticulate sheep are herded and transported to the city.

By the time they pass my mountain home, many are dead or dying. Surely the cost of country abattoirs would be a small price to pay to stop this unnecessary torture of animals.

While I applaud the cries of outrage from humanity for suffering humanity, I feel sad when I realise how seldom humanity cries out against the suffering of that part of the animal kingdom for which we are responsible.

I agree with Bernard Shaw that the civilisation of the white race "would be a good thing."

11 to M. Salmond, Macquarie Rd., Springwood, N.S.W.

Unsung heroines

REAMS of paper are used daily to boost the glamor and beauty of film stars, radio actresses, society beauties and to describe what they wear.

We see very little, however, about the less privileged of their sex, the hard-working mothers of the community, who work from dawn until well after dark seven days a week.

Have we so lost our sense of values that nothing much is ever said for our really priceless asset—the country's mothers?

5/- to William Bennett, 30 Park Crescent, Beniligh, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to the editor, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's on Your Mind," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of Page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pseudonyms. Payment of 5/- will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Add to baby's comfort

NOW that certain restrictions on the manufacture of furniture are being lifted it would be a good idea if the makers of babies' cots would make the cots a little wider.

The present standard cot is not



wide enough for an average baby. When the infant turns over in its sleep it finishes up right against the bars and usually wakes itself up.

5/- to Olive Walsh, Hamel St., Coorparoo, Brisbane.

Emergency telephones

IT would be a good idea to have emergency telephones placed at regular intervals along main highways, so that when accidents occur an ambulance could be summoned with a minimum of delay.

5/- to Mrs. G. J. Sted, 81 Spit Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Prefers them dark

I FAIL to see how Miss McCure (22/3/46) could possibly advocate glass windows in wardrobes. I cannot imagine anything sillier than ruining the look of a really lovely bedroom suite, such as those available to-day, just because of silverfish and moth, which can be kept under control with ordinary care.

5/- to Mrs. A. Y. Creighton, 34 Gray St., Woonah, N.S.W.

Relaxation essential

G. M. KROEGER (18/3/46) is all for more homework for children; but I think a little relaxation from mental activities for young children is essential and will stimulate their studies. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

5/- to F. T. Leach, 57 Wallace St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Practical gratitude

INSTEAD of inserting return notices in newspapers thanking the matron, doctor, and nurses after a bout in hospital, people would be showing more practical gratitude if they gave a small amount to a nurses' fund at the hospital. The money contributed could be used to buy books for nurses or any other small commodity they might like.

5/- to Isabel Gent, 78 Edward St., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

Think of old men, too

IN trams and buses I often notice young men and women or school-children giving up their seats to elderly women; but they should try to consider, also, the old men, who usually seem to be allowed to stand, while younger people sit reading or knitting. Also more young people would stand up if they were thanked graciously.

5/- to Ruth McBride, Yundi, via Willunga, S.A.

It'll open your eyes

when you find out what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dirty film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . in just one week they look far brighter.



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

RACKING COUGHS, SORE THROATS, CHEST COLDS, 'FLU, INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY LARYNOIDS



NEEDLESS SUFFERING

No matter how severe the cough, or how sore the throat, Larynoids will give instant relief. Don't endure all the misery and embarrassment of a cold any longer than it takes to pop into the Chemist's for a packet of Larynoids.



FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS, SINGERS.

Don't cancel the engagement. Larynoids will relieve your throat and see you through. Hoarseness diminishes at the first soothing, healing, antiseptic touch of Larynoids.



SOOTHING FOR CHILDREN

You can treat a child's Whooping Cough quite confidently with Larynoids. They are regularly recommended by doctors. Children like their flavour, too.



AVOID EMBARRASSMENT

A noisy cough that you can't control is a source of annoyance to others and an embarrassment to yourself. Have a packet of Larynoids always at hand and keep that cough under control.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS

Larynoids are made under laboratory conditions, of materials that for purity and freshness comply strictly with the requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia Codex. Medical practitioners regularly advise their patients to take Larynoids, the tested and proved throat and chest pastille—suitable for patients of all ages.

A BOON TO SMOKERS

No habitual pipe or cigarette smoker should be without Larynoids. They prevent that unpleasant dry mouth and throat irritation which is particularly troublesome during the night. Larynoids sweeten the mouth and banish "Tobacco breath."

an amazing prescription in handy pastille form of exact self-medicating dosage, containing
INSTANT-ACTING ANESTHESIN

Larynoids

Containing ANESTHESIN

CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES

IMMEDIATELY a Larynoid Throat Pastille begins dissolving in your mouth, it releases, in soothing vapour form, INSTANT-ACTING ANESTHESIN. This amazing specific, favoured and prescribed by doctors, deadens the acute sensitivity of the mucous membrane in the throatal area and ends soreness, irritation and that distressing tickling sensation. At the same time other soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments in Larynoid Throat Pastilles penetrate down into the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs to relieve "rawness," loosen hard mucus and prevent coughing. Take Larynoids at the slightest sign of a sore throat or chill and save yourself from all the miseries of a persistent and dangerous cough. Remember—there is no known cure for a cold, but, if taken in time, Larynoids will prevent a cold!

Where LARYNOIDS act to banish your cold

THROAT: A cold results from millions of infective microbes multiplying in your throat. Larynoids nullify their activity and prevent them spreading to you—

PHARYNX: This area, when infected by disease-spreading microbes, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids, taken in time, prevent infection spreading to you—

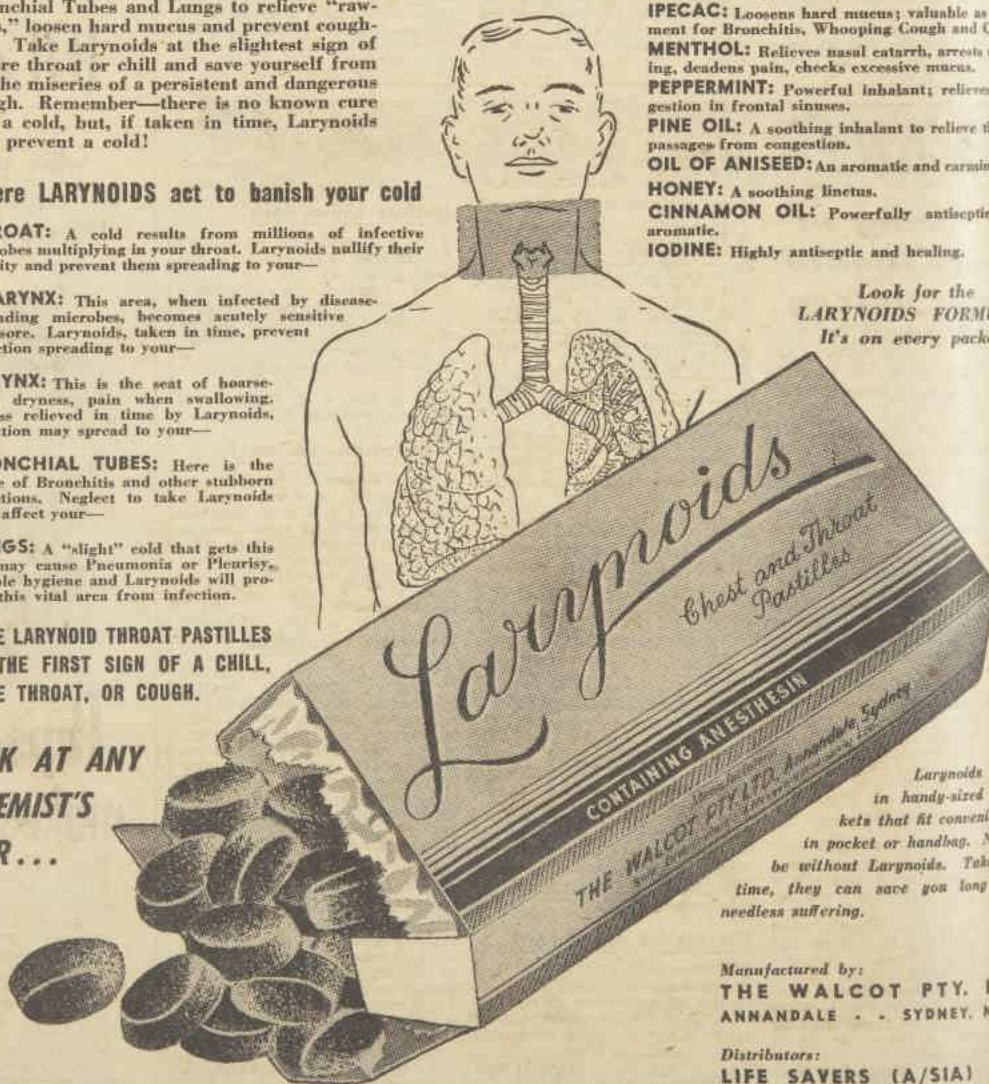
LARYNX: This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to you—

BRONCHIAL TUBES: Here is the home of Bronchitis and other stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids may affect you—

LUNGS: A "slight" cold that gets this far may cause Pneumonia or Pleurisy. Simple hygiene and Larynoids will protect this vital area from infection.

TAKE LARYNOID THROAT PASTILLES AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A CHILL, SORE THROAT, OR COUGH.

**ASK AT ANY
CHEMIST'S
FOR...**



**A COMBINATION OF
STIMULATING EXPECTORANTS
AND HEALING ANTISEPTICS.**

Larynoids' formula includes—

ANESTHESIN: Rapidly produces prolonged deadening of the nerve endings and stops "tickling" irritation, soreness.

BALSAM: A soothing inhalant to ease breathing and aid healing of sore areas.

IPECAC: Loosens hard mucus; valuable as treatment for Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Croup.

MENTHOL: Relieves nasal catarrh, arrests sneezing, deadens pain, checks excessive mucus.

PEPPERMINT: Powerful inhalant; relieves congestion in frontal sinuses.

PINE OIL: A soothing inhalant to relieve the air passages from congestion.

OIL OF ANISEED: An aromatic and carminative.

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CINNAMON OIL: Powerfully antiseptic and aromatic.

IODINE: Highly antiseptic and healing.

**Look for the
LARYNOIDS FORMULA
It's on every packet.**

Larynoids come in handy-sized packets that fit conveniently in pocket or handbag. Never be without Larynoids. Taken in time, they can save you long and needless suffering.

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LIFE SAVERS (A/51A) LTD.

She Forgot About Fear

Continued from page 31

"Couldn't say," he answered, and went shuffling off.

Jane went slowly back to her office and pulled out the drawers until she found the paper and spread it out on the desk. What on earth had Celia wanted with it? She flipped over the paper. It seemed odd now, reading the starting headlines of yesterday—war news, now out of date, social items of two years ago—"Woman Burnt." She read idly: "Mrs. Crane, of 32 Lorne Street, escaped being badly injured by fire when a passer-by . . ."

Mrs. Crane! Jane stopped reading. For a moment she held her breath. But it was a common name—at least fairly common. And there was no reason to suppose that this woman was connected with Laurie Crane. But there was something familiar about the report, something which puzzled her. She frowned over it for a moment before she realised what it was. The address. She had seen it somewhere—quite recently. She shut her eyes and tried to remember where she had seen it. She opened her eyes, and it was there before her—pinned with a batch of "Aunt Alice" letters, turned back at the one she had been reading that morning when Ken came in. She read it again: "I was married when very young, and after a few years my husband left me, saying we were not properly married, as he

drummed in her head and she felt herself falling, gasping for air, into sudden pain-filled darkness . . ."

Someone was pouring water on her face and talking to her, and after a long period of lacy confusion she opened her eyes and looked up. Ken was leaning over her, and when he saw her blink he smiled and said, encouragingly: "You're all right."

"I don't feel all right," she croaked. She brooded indignantly for a moment, then said: "I got nearly strangled . . ."

"Nonsense," he interrupted. "You were nowhere near strangled. I got here a minute after he grabbed you."

There seemed to be nothing to say to that, and she lay back for a moment. Then she jumped, startled at a thought which had suddenly struck her. "Being foreign," she said. "But Laurie Crane isn't foreign."

Ken grinned. "Yes, he's foreign. You'll never make a gossip writer at this rate. Everyone knows he's foreign. He changed his name during the last war. That was before he began to pile up his money. Before he married the first Mrs. Crane, too. Bigamy! And with a social climber like Crane! No wonder Celia wanted five thousand pounds when she found out about it."

"You mean," Jane stared at him incredulously, "you mean—blackmail?"

"Of course. What did you think? I guessed as soon as you told me. That's why I asked you to wait. I thought if we put our heads together we might find out what Celia was blackmailing him for." He paused and frowned. "Although I must admit I didn't expect him to come back here. I should have remembered that he was looking for you this morning. He probably rifled Celia's bag, thinking the letter was with her, and then decided it was on her desk."

Be went off at a tangent. "He certainly had a knack of getting his wits under his thumb. Lou is terrified of him, and this other woman apparently swallowed everything he told her."

"But blackmail," said Jane. "Celia! I just can't believe it."

He said slowly, "Celia loved money more than anything else in the world. I've always known that."

"I thought," Jane said, and stopped in some confusion. He looked at her and smiled. "You don't want to believe office gossip, too much. Celia wasn't the only one in your office, you know."

Then, before her wide-eyed look he flushed and cleared his throat. "Anyway, that's settled that," he continued briskly. "I suppose when Crane refused to give Celia the money she threatened to tell his wife that she really wasn't married and that he'd committed bigamy. I don't think that was why she was going there that night. She had some idea, probably, of getting a few more details as a hold over Crane, but he was trailing her and thought she meant business. So he killed her. By the way, the police want to see you when you're feeling all right."

Jane got up and began to brush her dress. She felt dizzy, and her throat ached, and at the back of her mind was a slight feeling of guilt because she had wondered that day if Celia had been murdered for love. "You know," she said. "I kept thinking to-day that people murder either for love or money and it wasn't either."

"Come on!" He held out his hand and she took it. "Love, money, or fear. You forgot about fear."

She nodded and smiled, but she hadn't forgotten about fear. The day had been filled with it, but that was something he would never know.

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Notice to contributors

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had used a false name at the time being foreign. I have always kept myself very respectable, and I have not told anyone about this, only now what I want to know is whether I ought to tell my daughter, seeing she is being married soon, or would it make any difference. I have always told her her father was dead, not wanting her to know how it was." She had signed the letter, as so many others did, "Worried," but for some reason—probably habit—had put her address at the top.

Jane turned and went to the map of the city which hung on the wall. There it was—Lorne Street—and running into it from the tramline a tiny street. She did not need to read the name, for she had read it often that day. She knew now why Celia's body had been found in Churt Row.

She went back and stared at the letter, reading and re-reading. There was no sound in the building now, but suddenly she felt rather than heard that something had broken that silence. It was the sound of someone breathing, someone standing just behind her.

She tried to speak, but her throat seemed to have closed. She tried to move, but her hands felt as though they were glued to the desk, weighted down with fear. She thought, "This is why Celia didn't scream. She couldn't. She felt the way I do."

A hand slid from behind her and took the letter from the desk, and she gave a little gasp of relief. Let him take it and go. Just so long as he went he could have it. She heard the rustle of paper and thought, with extraordinary detachment, "He's putting it in his pocket. So that he'll have his hands free."

She whirled at the thought, suddenly startled into action, and felt two hands gripping at her throat, fastening like steel, until the blood

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"DORA"

Well-cut underwear set for the small and larger figure

This slip and paillette set has been specially designed for those whose bust measurements range from 32in. to 42in., and is available in rayon crepe-de-chine in white only, and good quality flannelette in pastel pink, blue, and white. Design chosen shows uplift brassiere top, narrow shoulder straps, slim panel skirt in the slip. Paillettes have shaped waistband, non-bulky legs gathered into bands. Rayon Crepe-de-chine: Ready to wear. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, slip 22/5 (8 coupons), pants 9/11 (2 coupons); 36, 38, 40, and 42in. bust, slip 26/4 (6 coupons), pants 10/6 (2 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra for each garment.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



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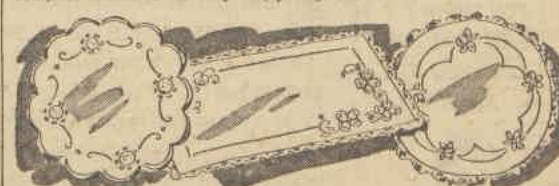
Pretty Five-Piece Layette

The pattern for this layette is traced clearly on excellent quality flannelette in shades of pastel pink, blue, and white, and is ready for you to cut out, stitch together, and embroider.

Set consists of nightgown, paillette, matinee jacket, petticoat, and frock, and may be purchased as a set or individually.

Nightgown, 5/11 (5 coupons), postage 4d. extra; paillette, 2/9 (1 coupon), postage 2d. extra; jacket, 2/11 (1 coupon), postage 2d. extra; petticoat, 3/11 (2 coupons), postage 3d. extra; frock, 5/6 (3 coupons), postage 4d. extra.

Complete set, 19/11 (10 coupons), postage 11d. extra.



No. 709.

Three Dainty Mats

The pattern for these three dainty mats comes to you clearly traced, with embroidery motif, on British cotton in shades of beige, grey, blue, and in white.

Size of round mats, 8in. x 8in.; sandwich mat, 5in. x 11in. Price 9d. each, or 3 for 2/- Postage, 2d. extra.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

By TIM

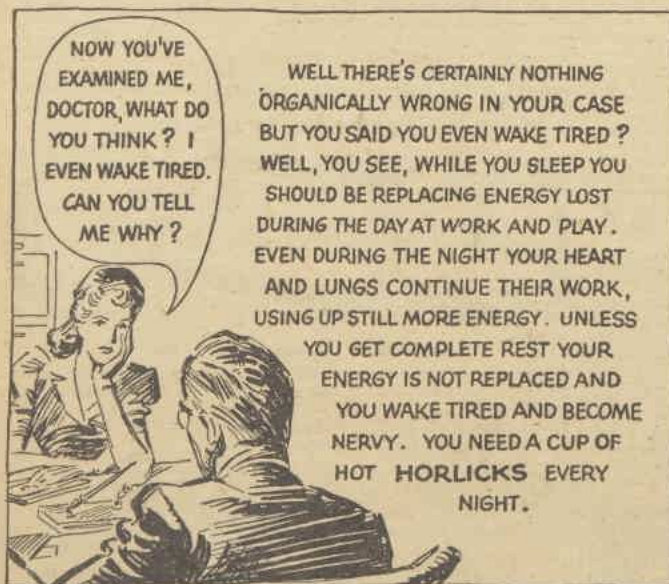




She's becoming DADDY'S GIRL

*Children are supposed to bring
couples closer together.*

But it doesn't always work out that way



Tired and Nervy?

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate . . . get irritable and lose your temper over trivial things . . . then remember those symptoms can very often be traced back to the fact that you are not replacing the energy you use up. Try a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear-eyed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist to-day.

HORLICKS

Contains all essential food elements in their natural form.



A MOMENTARY

science followed. Then Dilman said reflectively, "I must have a look at this man Bose."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you've been with us for fifteen years and this is the first time you've taken such a personal interest."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Natalie said coldly. "I have the interest of Dilman-Smythe at heart, that's all."

She hung up and Colin regarded her critically.

"You look nice when you're pink," he decided.

Natalie fled to her room. When she reached the office next morning there were only two in the outer room, but one of them was Harrison Bose.

He said, "Good-morning, Mrs. Raymond. How'd you like it?"

Natalie inwardly sneered at his childish eagerness.

"I'd be inclined to pass it," she said formally. "However, I haven't the final decision. Mr. Dilman has the book now."

"You're being very nice," said Harrison Bose, with his disarming grin.

"Garden me," Natalie said stiffly, making past him to her office.

Dilman entered, overcast still on. He tapped his briefcase.

"Leaves From an Old Gum Tree" will do, I think. I'll write Mr. Bose."

"Mr. Bose doesn't believe in the mail," said Natalie. "He's here in person."

Dilman stared. "Oh, Well, I'll tell him we're taking the book, and have him talk to Smythe."

Natalie started impulsively to rise, then brought herself and instantly sat down again.

"Or maybe you'd rather tell him," said Dilman.

"Certainly not. What earthly difference does it make who tells him?"

Clarence Dilman stared at her for several seconds.

"I'll be honest," he said. He handed her the manuscript, and went to his own office.

Natalie looked into her compact mirror and saw the abominable extra color again. She dabbed viciously with the powder puff to cover it. She went to the outer room.

"Mr. Dilman thinks we may take a chance on this—"

"Hooray!" exclaimed Bose. His hands enveloped both of hers.

"Please!" said Natalie, glaring at Mr. Miller, from whom a slight sound had come. "I think our Mr. Smythe has arrived. Would you care to talk over the business details with him?"

"Would I Lead on?"

He followed her stiff back down the corridor to Mr. Smythe's office. Herbert Smythe was slight, stooped, and benign of countenance; and his penny clearing through his hands knew it had been somewhere.

"Mr. Bose, Herbert," Natalie said crisply. "Clarence and I have just shared a manuscript of his."

Herbert benignly congratulated Mr. Bose.

"We think an advance of twenty pounds is indicated," Natalie heard herself say, to her amazement.

Herbert Smythe's look of benediction dimmed. "This cut the ground from under him. This was a figure to which he retreated only after long combat on a lower level."

"That would be satisfactory to you," said Natalie to Harrison Bose, to cover her confusion.

"Quite," said Bose.

"Why," said Smythe plaintively, "did you bother to consult me at all?"

"Just a recommendation, of course," Natalie said. But the damage was done, and she knew it.

The day passed badly. Once or twice a minute Natalie had to jerk her attention back to Chandler's work of art, and to others succeeding in under her rapid gaze. She roused her eyes were bothering her. She guessed that she was going stale. She guessed she needed a holiday in this distracting springtime.

She went home at four with an extra full briefcase to save her conscience. But she knew she wouldn't open it. She'd see a show or something, get her mind off her work.

Harrison Bose glanced casually up at her from the centre of the living-room floor. He sat there with Colin,

No Time To Waste

Continued from page 9

and it was hard to tell which was the more rumpled.

"I hope you don't mind," he said, rising to his feet. "You've been kind, and I wanted very much to thank you."

"Perfectly all right," said Natalie, standing. Of course he'd go in a moment or two.

"Mum," said Colin, "did you know there were recorded cases of people dying of senility at the age of five?" Harry told me."

Natalie turned. Harrison Bose had disappeared into the kitchen. A moment later he reappeared bearing a tray on which were a shaker and glasses.

"It seemed as if a mild celebration was in order," said the back-woodman, the gauche character from up country. "Thought you might like a special concoction of mine. I brought the mixings."

Natalie ranged the big guns of her wrath.

"See here, Mr. Bose," she said, "ought you to buy things like this with only a few pounds in your pocket?"

Harrison laughed. He laughed immoderately, tilting up the shaker from its pouring so it wouldn't spill. Then he said: "But I get twenty quid in a few days when the book contract is made out."

"Do you know that will be all you'll get for months? The book won't be printed for a long time. And it may flop then. If you are already spending your royalties—"

"I have friends, Colin, did you say your mother's name was Natalie?" I have friends, Natalie."

"Are you the kind that lives off his friends?"

"Geo, Mum," said Colin, "that wasn't nice."

Natalie bit her lip. She said, in a moment, "No, that wasn't nice."

"It was wonderful," said Harrison, laughing again.

FOR A MOMENT,

Natalie was speechless, wondering what he had meant by that. Never had she met a more aggravating person. Or one more obtuse. But she simply must get a grip on her temper. She sipped the drink and frowned. It was good.

"What was this about senility at the age of five, Mr. Bose?"

"Harrison," said Bose. "Or better, Harry."

"He's a professor, Mum, so don't argue with him. He teaches biology."

"Taught," said Bose. "I'm an author now."

Natalie sighed. "Please, Mr. Harrison. I mean Mr. B—"

"Harry," said Bose.

"Please understand that in that advance you'll have, probably, all you'll ever get from 'Leaves From an Old Gum Tree.' The next book may net you no more. Nor the next."

"There are always my friends."

He grinned at her look. "Also I can pick up some more from science writings, and I have a textbook or two nearly finished. I own my own home—quite a nice place, by the way. The total is plenty for a family."

Natalie's head whirled. Of course he would have a wife and family.

"Then all that about the few pounds was a myth," she said.

"Not at all. That was all I had."

"You twisted facts to make me pity you."

"Well," said Harrison, "pity is akin to—"

He skimmed on more rapidly at the glints rising in Natalie's eyes. "And we should all love one another."

Again Natalie attempted to comb out her ruffled emotions.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Bose—"

"Harry." He took out his pipe.

"I'm so sorry not to be able to ask you to dinner. But in these days of shopping difficulties and—"

"But, Mum, I asked him," Colin said.

"You," commanded Natalie, "had better go and clean up."

Colin and Harrison looked at each other. Harry gazed at his hands. They grinned at each other and went out together. Natalie went to the kitchen door and slammed it open.

They had dinner. Natalie presumed. They talked of something or other. She did remember that Harry—Mr. Bose—tried to show her a picture of his house. But she put her foot down there. She had

no interest at all in his living arrangements. Colin went to bed at 10, and Mr. Bose—Harry—left soon after.

Next afternoon Natalie cautiously phoned home at 5.30.

"Oh, hello, Mum," Colin's voice came eagerly. "Harry's here and—"

"I'm sorry, dear," Natalie said. "I phoned to tell you I have to work late to-night. A new book of Chandler's—"

"I thought you read that yesterday?"

"It's two books of a trilogy," Natalie said with dignity.

She phoned the afternoon after that.

"Hello, Mum. Harry's here. He's been telling me about his place in the country. I think it would beat the city hollow. And the nicest house—"

"I'm awfully sorry, darling—"

"What's the matter? Chandler hand in the third book to-day?"

Colin, Natalie decided, needed a firmer hand.

The third afternoon, Colin phoned her.

"Coast's clear, Mum. You can come home."

"What in the world does that mean?" Natalie said indignantly.

"I mean Harry isn't here."

"If you think my actions last night and the night before had anything whatever to do with—"

She stopped. Her offspring had hung up. When she arrived home he took her coat and kissed her, leaning down four inches.

"He's a decent bloke," he said.

"You can marry him if you want to."

Natalie got that head-whirring attack again. Then she remembered the firm hand, that it was time for it.

"My dear, you're talking of things you are much too young to understand. If you were just a little older you would realize that Mr. Bose is only a casual acquaintance and that I could not have, and never would have, the slightest interest in him."

"Yeah?"

"What do you mean, y—?" Natalie set her lips hard. She even laughed, lightly, amusedly.

"You break all the rules, sonny. Don't you know a child is always ferociously jealous of a possible step-parent?"

"He's a decent bloke," said Colin.

"Has a nice house, too."

"I am quite able to furnish my own nice house and live my own nice life. And like it."

Colin did not say yeah. Natalie waited for it, then went to the kitchen.

There would be no intrusions into her privacy that night. She'd have all the evening for the manuscripts she had brought home.

Dilman came into her office next morning as she was hanging up her spring coat. He eyed the array of typewritten matter she took from her briefcase.

"You shouldn't do so much at night, Natalie. All that stuff."

"I didn't read any of it," said Natalie absently. Then she caught herself and the color came, rising.

"I had a headache," she said. "You can't read with a headache, can you?"

"It's been done," said Dilman.

"But what I'm beginning to wonder is, can you read from a distance?"

"Distance?"

"From 100 miles away, say."

"A hundred miles away?"

You could have air-conditioned a large room with the tone of Natalie's voice.

"Harry Bose was in yesterday. That must be a nice place he has. Wish I had one like it."

Natalie's small fist banged the desk.

"Is everybody mad?" she said.

"Has everyone gone crazy? What is this?"

"Well, I was just wondering. If— I mean, if—well, could you keep on reading the more important stuff for us from a distance? You know how I rely on your judgment."

"Get out of here!" cried Natalie.

The phone rang. Miss Miller said: "Harry Bose is here to see you."

"Harry out," yelled Natalie, then almost dropped the receiver as Harry walked in.

HARRY grinned

at Dilman. He said, "Hello, Natalie," voice deep. He walked toward her. He said, "You look lovely. Young. Like a kid. Doesn't she, Clarence?"

His hand touched her shoulder. "Did I ever show you my place in the country?"

"I don't want to see your place in the country!" Natalie protested.

"Look, darling," Harry said, brushing at hair that fell forward again the instant his fingers were removed.

"We have no time to waste. That's the only real handicap people suffer when they get near the forties. They haven't a lot of time for evasions."

He put his hand gently under her chin to make her look at the pictures. She screamed at him, then.

"You insensitive animal! What colossal conceit makes you think you can walk into my life on Tuesday and marry me on Thursday?"

You out! You thick-skulled farmer! You—"

Harry sighed.

"She loves me, Clarence," he said. "It's nice to know. I was fairly sure of it, but a man wants to know. Now, Natalie, please, dear, don't cry. Please."

Dilman retreated hastily.

Natalie's shoulders heaved. "You great hayseed!" she sobbed.

"No. Quite tame. A townsman. I even know my way round the city a little. Though we'll want to stay on our own land, mostly, I think. In our own house."

Natalie looked at the pictures, seeing them at first through a blur.

"What a hideous p-porch," she said.

"We'll make it smaller," said Harry.

"Or larger, as taste demands."

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Gardener finds quick way to heal

CUTS AND SCRATCHES



I'm chief gardener in our family and do quite a nice job, even if I do say so myself! And, like most gardeners, I consider cuts and scratches all in the day's work.



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ATKINSON & LONDON AND SYDNEY

AG 326

Chosen to direct film on radar

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

When young Private Peter Ustinov got a telephone call from a High Personage, whose name sounded — to use Private Ustinov's words—like "Air Vice-Marshal Sir Somebody Blah Blah," and who invited him in cultured accents to call, he asked timidly whether he should wear his uniform.

"GOOD lord. Of course," said Air Vice-Marshal Sir Somebody Blah Blah.

Someone in the Air Ministry had got the idea that a story on radar might make a reasonable documentary film. When they sounded Two Cities films they were told: "Get hold of Peter Ustinov. He knows more about the subject than anybody. He is in the Army."

After meekly convincing the guards at Malvern school, England's centre of radar research, that he was expected, Private Ustinov suddenly found his status blooming.

It expanded till he was accompanying Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Portal on a tour through the schoolrooms where scientists potted and fiddled with queer instruments.

As a result of his stay there, "Top Secret" was born, and is now being filmed at Denham Studios with Ralph Richardson in the starring role.

Not only does Peter Ustinov direct and co-produce the film with George Brown, but he also wrote the screen play. The first rushes of "Top

Secret" show that Britain has a young author-director of outstanding ability.

It is expected to be a romantic epic.

In Ustinov's story there are woven the lives of the scientists and their families who teamed together with the aim of producing the miraculous "magic eye" of radar.

Though he is choosy about films and is wrapped up in his Shakespearean stage partnership with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson accepted the part of a bachelor zoologist, to show his admiration for the young ex-Service team Ustinov recruited.

Also playing in the film are Raymond Huntley, comedian David Tomlinson, young Richard Attenborough, who has found fame after a fine performance in the Air Ministry film "Journey Together," and a shining newcomer to screen stardom, 23-year-old Pamela Matthews.

Peter spotted her waiting her talent as a stand-in at Denham, and his screen tests of this tall, slender brunette daughter of a London rector promise a personality which will be as refreshing and rare



RALPH RICHARDSON grins at attire of Director Peter Ustinov as they discuss intricacies of radar with a W.A.A.F. officer assigned to Two Cities to supervise £30,000 worth of equipment. It is guarded day and night.

in Britain's world of established stars as its spring sunshine.

Ustinov is married to actress Isobel Denham, and their home in William Mews, London, is decorated with posters of all countries, Victorian theatrical bills, sketches, and amusing book-covers.

His first acting job was in 1938, and since then he has written plays and film scripts, acted in the West End, and appeared in several films, including "The Way Ahead," which he wrote with Eric Embler.

With his heavy-featured, international face, it is hard to guess whether he would be better playing a German, a Russian, a Frenchman, a Chinese, or an Englishman.

He inherits his cleverness at sketching from his mother, who was Nadia Bendis, the painter, and his writing talent from his well-known, journalist father, and his wit, which keeps the studio laughing, from both of them. His untidy dress he gets from neither. Newcomers to the set mistake their director for a prop boy. In cold weather he wears a balaclava that looks like an old sock, a stringy tie that is always askew, a pair of bags that look as though they have never seen good days, and he smokes a huge, curving pipe with a visor-like hood that glows and smokes like a blast furnace.

News from the studios

By Cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

THE starring team of Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart may be revived, as the stars have put their heads together and are conferring with producer-director Frank Capra on the possibility of their starring in his film "It's a Wonderful Life."

Incidentally, bachelor Jimmy is playing in the romantic field as usual and was overheard, after making a date with Rita Hayworth, to remark that her hands were the most beautiful he had ever seen.

A FASHION battle over long or short hair is now raging. Dorothy Lamour holds out for long hair and displayed her new style wearing thirty jewelled barrettes in her dark tresses, while Gene Tierney goes shingled for her role in Somerset Maugham's " Razor's Edge."

Greer Garson wears her hair in a straight pageboy roll for her film with Robert Montgomery, "A Woman of My Own," which starts shortly.

I CHATTED with Elizabeth Taylor, who was happily imbibing malted milk, and she told me that her children's book about a squirrel, called "My Friend Nibbles," is coming out in the spring. Elizabeth wrote all of the 17 chapters in 17 days, between pictures.

AN example of the strange impulses of important people was when Van Johnson confided her ambition to skate in the chorus of Sonja Henie's ice show. Van is practising with the hope that Sonja will consider him good enough.



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Film Reviews

★★ ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

PRODUCED in the great Ziegfeld tradition, MGM present this huge revue with all its stars. No doubt "Ziggy" would be startled if he could see what technicolor and enormous sets can do, but on the whole the film is a lavish Alice of lush entertainment.

The story is practically non-existent, but starts off with William Powell as Ziegfeld looking down from heaven on to a modern version of the Follies.

Amid a welter of talent, one recalls Judy Garland in a splendid bit of satire, and Fred Astaire in top form singing and dancing in several good sequences, with Lucille Bremer and Gene Kelly. Esther Williams is breath-taking in an underwater scene, and Lena Horne scores in a negro cabaret setting.

For good measure there is Katharine Grayson, Keenan Wynn, James Melton, and Lucille Ball, and a procession of puppets.

Cost of the whole thing must resemble the National Debt, but audiences should be willing to co-operate in payment.—St. James; showing.

★★ ROAD TO UTOPIA

PARAMOUNT'S continuance of the Crosby-Hope-Lamour comedy series brings another success, with all three relishing the amusing plot set mostly in Alaska, at the turn of the century. Crosby and Hope are a couple of wandering adventurers who get tangled up with a stolen map of a goldmine, a bunch of crooks, and the luscious Miss Lamour. Some of the most hilarious gags heard for months come to light throughout the film.

The story is told in flashback from the beginning, where, in sedate old age Hope and Miss Lamour, as Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hooton, re-meet Bing Crosby, a wandering, wealthy, elderly bachelor, and they go over the circumstances of their adventures thirty years before.

As excellent holiday entertainment this gay piece of nonsense is most acceptable.—State; showing.

★★ FALLEN ANGEL

SURPRISE feature of this interesting thriller for Fox is the appearance of luscious blonde Alice Faye in a straight role.

She has tough competition from brunette Linda Darnell, but manages to hold her own. The two girls are rivals for the attention of Dana Andrews, but it is Alice as the respectable small-town heiress who wins him.

Sultry adventuress Linda is murdered, and the rest of the film deals with the solving of her killing. Academy Award winner Anne Revere does well with the part of the elder sister of Alice Faye.—Mayfair; showing.

★ OUT OF THIS WORLD

SOMEHOW or other this Paramount musical doesn't come up to expectations in spite of the presence of Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, and Veronica Lake, all in top form. Eddie has the role of a bewildered messenger boy who is "discovered" to have a crooner's voice which rocks the bobby-soxers as usual. Result is that Eddie becomes the rope in a tug-of-war between orchestra leader Diana Lynn and astute business woman Veronica Lake.

Choicest moment of this film or any other recently is the amusing scene when Eddie is mouthing the words of a song in which Bing Crosby is the real singer. The four Crosby kids are witnesses of this strange event and their reactions are grand fun.

Pert Diana and sinuous Veronica have both been well cast, and comedian Cass Daley is her usual vociferous self. Some good songs are included and a smooth five-piano sequence helps things along.—Capitol; showing.



WANTED for head stills for Two Cities' film "Carnival." Jean Kent leaves her lunch and makes a dash for it. Her hat and hair-do are 1900 era, but her slacks are 1946.

★ DOLLY SISTERS

IT might well be said that any resemblance to the real life story of the famous Dolly sisters is purely coincidental in this Fox opus.

A super musical in technicolor, starring glamor girls Betty Grable and June Haver, with John Payne, the film makes little attempt to do more than entertain with lush scenes and nostalgic songs.

The romantic angle of the last story between Jenny Dolly (Betty Grable) and Harry Fox (John Payne) is presented, but is nearly lost in the welter of lavish backgrounds of theatre in America and Europe.

The two blonde stars (amazingly alike) keep the film story going, and Payne assists well. Best of the others in the cast are S. Z. Sakall and Reginald Gardiner.

As a musical this will entertain, though as a biography it has little merit.—Regent; showing.



• MARIA MONTEZ, Universal star, pins a buttonhole in the coat of her husband, JEAN PIERRE AUMONT, who has resumed his film career after war service with the Fighting French. A daughter was born in February to the exotic Maria.



• MARTHA VICKERS carries her lunch-box with her when she calls to see IDA LUPINO. Both girls wait on the steps of Ida's dressing-room at Warners for a call to the set of "The Man I Love," in which Ida co-stars with newcomer Robert Alda.



• FAYE EMERSON, who has now announced her retirement from films, interrupts ZACHARY SCOTT'S solitaire card game between shots for Warners' "Danger Signal," in which they are co-starred. Faye is the wife of Colonel Elliott Roosevelt.



• JOAN LESLIE, wearing an attractive spotted pyjama lounge suit, receives a visit from BOB HUTTON during an interval between scenes of "Too Young to Know," their latest co-starring film for Warners. They are old friends, but there is no suggestion of a romance between them.



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... Leave Her To Heaven ...



1 NOVELIST Richard Harlan (Wilde) meets lovely Ellen Berent (Tierney). He finds they are visiting same town, but notices she wears engagement ring.



2 SELFISH and possessive since childhood, Ellen decides to break engagement to Russell Quinton (Price) so she can wed Richard, who attracts her more.



3 AFTER HONEYMOON, Richard takes Ellen to his home, where she meets his crippled brother Danny (Hickman) and other friends. She is insanely jealous of them and responsible for Danny's death by drowning.



4 FRIENDSHIP of Ellen's cousin Ruth (Crain) and Richard makes Ellen suicide, involving Ruth.



5 WHEN RUTH is soon accused of Ellen's murder, Richard tells story of Ellen's jealousy and hatred. Ruth is acquitted, but Richard convicted as an accessory, as he knew of Ellen's part in his brother's death.

TECHNICOLOR IS UNUSUAL FEATURE OF TENSE THRILLER

WITH the use of technicolor for this thriller, Fox take an unusual step. Stars are Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Vincent Price, and Jeanne Crain. Miss Tierney has the biggest role of her career in the highly dramatic part of the psychiatric, possessive Ellen, whose sole ambition is to dominate everyone round her. Her uncontrolled nature and jealousy lead her to commit murder.



6 SENTENCED to two years' gaol, Richard finally finds Ruth waiting to help him forget Ellen.

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Clear and lovely skin



THOROUGH CLEANSING of the skin is a daily must for every girl and woman whatever her skin type. Use a good cleansing cream. Never go to bed without removing all traces of make-up.

● Is your skin oily? If so, follow the expert advice and simple treatment given in this article and you'll soon be rewarded with skin that is smooth and lovely.

By CAROLYN EARLE

If you are at all doubtful, ask yourself this question: "Do I have difficulty in keeping powder on?" If the answer is "Yes," your skin is certainly oily, and no less a problem than the much more usual dry skin.

Irrespective of your skin type or group, the basic pattern, as discussed in previous articles, remains the same.

The skin is a most important organ of the body. It breathes; it feels; it is vital for elimination of some body poisons. A skin that is kept clean continuously is fine grained, smooth, soft, and lovely to touch. But the cleansing process must be attended to from the inside as well as the outside.

Looming very large on this list is assured inclusion in the diet of ample vitamins and minerals—especially calcium and Vitamins A, B, and C.

So carefully check up on your diet. People with oily skins will find it helps to drink lots of water, in common with the dry skin brigade; water is a great system-cleansing agent.

An oily condition can be somewhat counteracted by avoiding starches, fried foods, and rich sauces, preference being given to greens, fruits, fish, and lean meats.

You've no doubt heard loud moanings from the dry-skin gals at the very mention of soap and water, and while there are varying schools of thought on that point, soap and water is really for you!

This will be your schedule: Cleansing, followed by soap and water lathering right down your neck, rinsing several times, finishing up with an astringent cream or lotion combining preparations to counteract oiliness.

And if your skin is excessively oily, you might even allow a thin film of the cream to remain on overnight.

Just a word about cleansing creams here; for the too-oily or even normal oily skin choose a quick liquefy-type

consisting largely of paraffin wax and mineral oils.

I cannot overstate the importance of most scrupulous cleanliness—if possible, more than ever in the case of oily skins because the oily secretions of the pores collect and retain dust and grime particles which must not be allowed to reach the black-head stage.

Among the worst enemies to the attractive complexion are blackheads but in addition they are also potential pimples and may even create an acne condition. The cause—again—is clogged sebaceous glands in the skin wherein the secretion hardens and becomes coated with dirt, forming the blackhead.

The soap-and-water treatment is half the battle in preventing formation; the other half is a careful diet, which does not include an excess of sweets, starches, and fats, but calls for proper elimination and drinking plenty of water.

Banishing blackheads

KEEP the circulation functioning by exercise and cool showers, which will help stimulate the oil glands into doing their job.

If blackheads do form, however, one can deal with them locally. Cleansing-cream or oil should be applied first to soften the area; when removed, wash well with warm water and soap administered with a complexion brush. (If one is not available, improvise with a coarse facecloth applied with vigor.) Rub once more with warm water, then massage in more cream.

The actual pressing out of the blackheads must be done carefully and gently so as not to bruise the skin.

Never use the bare fingers, and never squeeze unduly.

Use a tissue or a soft cloth for the job, and leave any difficult ones for future treatment.

After removal of the blackheads, apply a good antiseptic to the spots. Again rinse the face in warm water, then splash generously with cold, and dry carefully.

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F4227—A graceful suit for the coming season. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide, with 2yds. of braid. Pattern, 1/4.

F4228—Cute midriff pyjamas with the top. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/11.

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F4231—Sweet dancing frock with puff sleeves and a tiny waist. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/11.

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F4228—Sung and smart contrast suit. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide with ½yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/3.

F4232



F4228



* These Fashion Patterns are available at our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail use the address given on page 33 under Needlework Notions.

F4229



F4231



F4230



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THE PICTURE above shows the bed as the central piece of furniture round which the other pieces radiate, thus giving harmony and balance to the room.

Focal points in room decoration

● Here is the basic formula for room decoration. Find the focal point, make it important, connect secondary features and blend harmoniously with accessories.

By NORA S. McDOUGALL

Graduate of Interior Decoration, New York; Lecturer in Home Decoration for the Army Educational Services.

UNLESS a living-room possesses a focal point or main feature, such as fireplace or well-placed windows, it is necessary to construct a point of interest with our decoration.

This focal point may be formed by a group consisting of couch, table, lights, chairs, pictures, bookcase, or curtains; anything, in fact, so long as the whole arrangement is important enough to dominate the room and attract attention.

From this main group the rest of the furniture should be arranged to give a feeling of balance. Unevenly distributed furniture—more at one end or side than the other—lacks harmony.

If the room is large there may be two focal points, preferably opposite each other to improve co-ordination. When the impression of planning and order is immediately apparent, then the room takes on a pattern for comfortable living.

Now let us take each room separately and find its focal point:

Living-room: The focal point is generally the fireplace, and around this you should group several seats for those desiring conversation and relaxation. This grouping must not be just a static arrangement of two chairs, one on either side of the fireplace, but should include a smaller chair or two which may be introduced with the addition of a table and reading lights if required.

Considering the window as a focal point: The furniture should be grouped in such a way that more than one can enjoy the view and be in contact with the out-of-doors. Remember, the view from a window can have the same effect as a picture.

The room, however, may possess neither fireplace nor a window with a view. If this is the case, then a focal point must be created.

This may be done by the use of a couch, a coffee-table, a large picture above it, or a group of pictures if we do not own one big enough to give the necessary effect.

A pair of small upholstered chairs may now be arranged for easy conversation, and these features can become the principal axis of the room.

The arrangement of a chair with a small occasional table beside it to hold an ash-tray and book; a chair within easy reach of the radio; a desk in good light, or with adequate artificial light are the secondary articles that should be as lines leading to the main group and holding the scheme together.

The bedroom: There must also be a focal point in this room. Generally this is the bed, which by its size and color dominates the room, and, therefore, should be in a position where it can be seen head and foot by anyone entering the room.

Shelves with books, lights, radio, telephone, all within reach, can, by their mass, color, and usefulness, help give this focal point greater meaning.

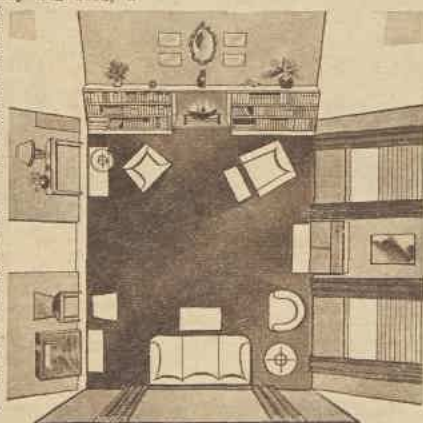
In more modern homes, built-in cupboards take the place of wardrobes; therefore, the secondary pieces in the room may be a dressing-table, desk, and comfortable chair. These articles should be arranged in such a manner as to receive good light, yet give the impression of uncluttered space in the room.

Dining-room: The dining table with chairs is, of course, the focal point here.

In large rooms secondary features such as sideboards and buffets can be accommodated without creating an overcrowded effect.

With small rooms, however, the space usually taken up with a massive sideboard may be eliminated by the building-in of cupboards between dining-room and kitchen for china and glassware.

My next article will show how two people can with happy co-operation and hard work furnish a small flat at low cost.



THIS SKETCH has been made to show the typical living-room properly planned. The fireplace has been taken as the focal point. Note the connection with the simple window treatment, and the manner in which the secondary features fall naturally into their places, giving maximum space and comfort.

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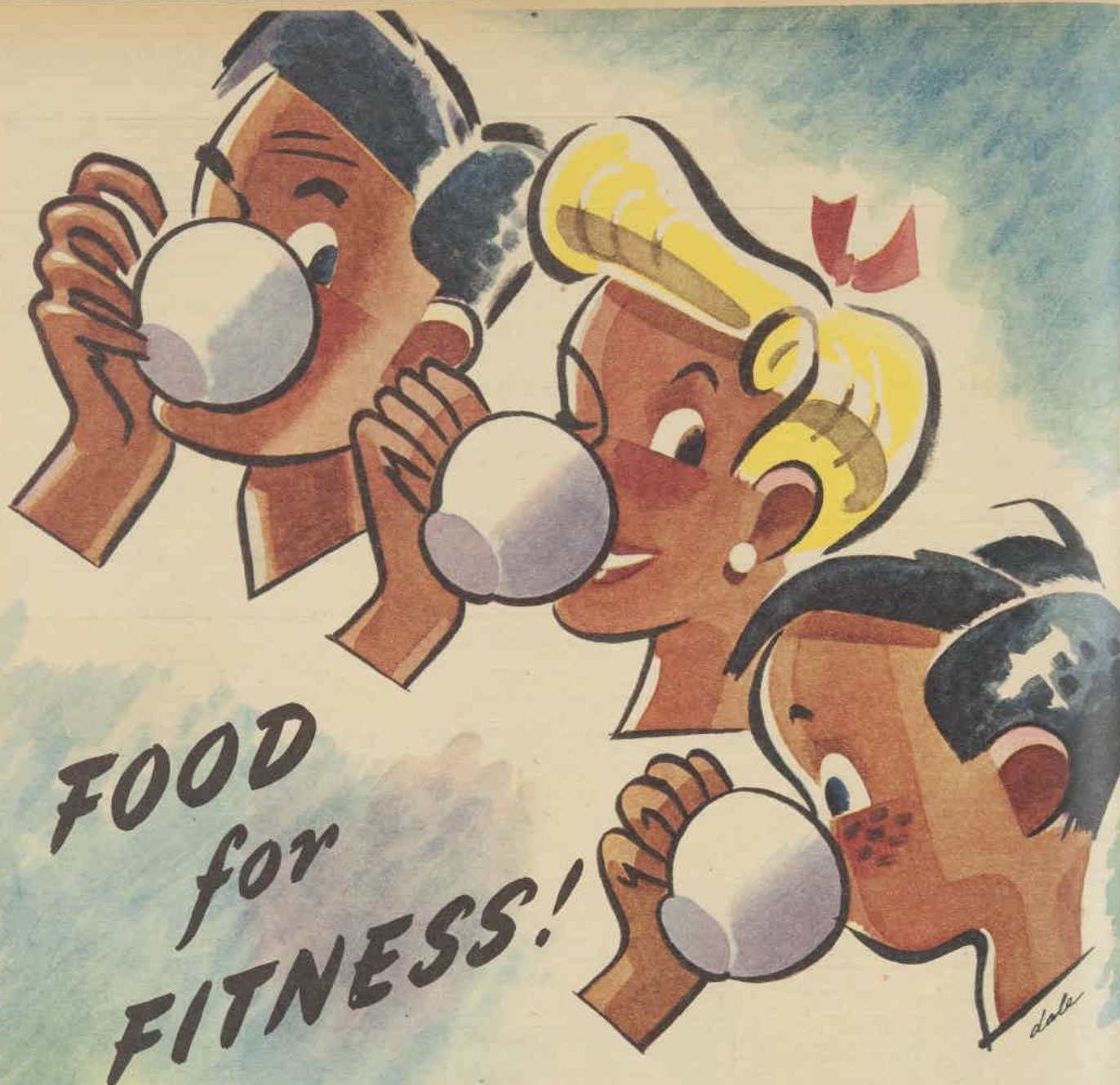
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TRADITIONAL EASTER FARE . . . salted fish balls with garnish of mushrooms, tomato, and cucumber slices . . . a simple coffee cake topped with jewel eggs in the Easter manner . . . and Easter buns.

Easter Motif

• Easter is a mixture of austerity and festival . . . Hot-cross buns for Good Friday breakfast, baked fish for dinner, simple salad on Saturday; sugar eggs, rich fruit-cake, and party dishes for Easter Sunday . . . these are the food traditions.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

FAMILY life is enriched by these festivals, and it is a wise mother who observes the historic pattern.

Each cook can give her own individual touch to the traditional recipe. If the baker does not deliver the buns, try making them yourself. The recipe is easy. Good yeast is obtainable at some large retail stores and, as well as being convenient, gives excellent results. Or make friends with the baker and call on his yeast supply.

Simple fish dishes can be the finest of all. Season fish before cooking, sharpening the delicate flavor with lemon juice or mild vinegar. If the weather is warm, serve cold meat fish with salad. . . flavor the vinegar in which the fish is cooked with sliced onion, bay leaf, a clove or two, and a generous sprinkling of mint leaves.

RIMMEL CAKE

Quarter-pound butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 4 eggs, 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1oz. mixed nuts (raisins, currants, dates), 1 teaspoon mixed orange rind, 1 1/2 tablespoons orange juice, about 1lb. almond paste or mock almond paste; few nuts or crystallized cherries or pieces of preserved ginger.

Prepare a 5-inch cake-tin with 2 or 3 strips of paper. Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, and then stir in sifted flour, baking powder, and spice. Add the fruit, orange rind, and juice. Spoon half the mixture into cake-tin. Roll the almond paste to the size of the tin, shaping carefully. Press on the cake mixture. Top with remaining cake mixture. Bake in a slow oven (325deg. F.) for 2 1/2 hours.

CREAMY NOODLE RING

One and a quarter cups milk, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green capsicum or parsley, 6oz. noodles.

Scald the milk and add the breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, paprika, beaten eggs, onion, and capsicum. Stand aside while the noodles are cooking in fast-boiling, salted water until tender, about 10 minutes. Drain noodles, add to the egg mixture, and pour into a greased ring or recess tin. One cup grated cheese may be added. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) until set, about 30 minutes. Unmould, and centre with a vegetable, cheese, or fish mixture. Try with curried fish or sauteed mushrooms.

BAKED FISH

Fish may be baked whole or in thick cutlets or folded fillets.

To bake whole, the fish must be cleaned and scaled, the fins removed and tail trimmed. The head is usually left on, but eyes are removed. Season inside and out with pepper, salt, and lemon juice. Stuff with bread seasoning; oysters or mushrooms are delicious added to the seasoning. Sew or skewer the fish and top with more seasoning. Place in a little hot fat in baking-pan, or in a greased pan with about 1 cup hot milk or tomato puree, and bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.), allowing about 15 to 20 minutes per pound, and reducing heat to moderate (350deg. F.) after the first 15 minutes. Serve with a brown sauce, black butter sauce, or with a sauce of sauteed mushrooms or fried tomatoes.

EASTER SUGAR BREAD

One cup milk, 1 creamed potato (rub through sieve), 1oz. compressed yeast, 1 cup lukewarm water, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 tablespoons melted lard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 cups flour (extra), 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessert-spoon cinnamon, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup raisins.

Scald milk, and combine with potato. Cool to lukewarm, add yeast dissolved in the 1 cup lukewarm water. Stir in the 2 1/2 cups flour just enough to mix to a drop batter. Stand aside until well risen, and then add the beaten egg, melted butter, lard, salt, and enough flour to make a mixture of consistency easy to knead. Put in shallow greased pans. Stand until the mixture rises to double its bulk. Press deep holes at 2-inch intervals, and fill with butter, brown sugar, cinnamon, and a small cooked prune, plumped raisin, or piece of preserved fig. Brush with milk. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

MOCHA CREAM WITH JEWEL EGGS

One pint black coffee, 4oz. dark chocolate, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Break up the chocolate and melt in a little of the coffee over boiling water. Add the milk, reserving a little to blend the cornflour to a smooth thin paste. Add the sugar and heat. Stir in the cornflour, and bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Cool slightly, and whip in the beaten eggs. Cook over boiling water for 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Pour into a recess tin, which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Turn out for serving, and fill centre with Easter jewel eggs, and garnish with mint.

To make the Easter eggs, take 6 eggs and pierce one end of each with a knitting needle, and break away the shell into a small hole about the size of a threepenny piece. Pour out the egg-yolks and whites, reserving for further use. Rinse the eggshells well in cold water. Make up about 1 cup of strawberry jelly and 1 cup green lime jelly, making stronger than usual. Pour into shells set in eggcups. Chill, and when firm carefully chip off shells.

FRIED FISH CAKES

One pound salted fish, 1lb. potatoes, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon pepper, good squeeze of lemon juice, flour, frying fat or oil.

Cut up fish, using kitchen scissors. Wash well. Add potatoes. Barely cover with boiling water and cook gently until potatoes are tender. Drain through strainer. Return to pan and mash well, add butter, beaten egg, pepper, and squeeze of lemon juice. A few oysters or sauteed mushrooms or chopped capsicum may be added. Whisk over low heat for 2 minutes. Correct seasoning to taste. Dip spoonfuls in flour, and cook in deep hot fat. Drain on paper. Delicious with creamed cucumber sauce. Or serve egg sauce. For four.

BAKED DRESSED FILLETS OF FLOUNDER

Six fillets of flounder, pepper, salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 6 slices white onion, 6 thick slices tomato, about 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheese.

Wash the fillets, remove skin, and make sure all bones are removed. Wrap tails round thick end, and fasten with toothpicks. Place in a buttered pan. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and chopped parsley.

Top with slice of onion, and then thick slice of tomato, and season with pepper and salt. Baste each fillet with tomato puree, and sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Bake in a fairly hot oven (400deg. F.) until the fish is white and tender, and tops delicately browned, about 30 minutes. Serve at once. For six.

SCOTCH BANNOCKS

One cup fine oatmeal, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted shortening (lard or butter), 4 tablespoons hot water.

Mix oatmeal, sifted flour, salt, and baking powder, and shortening mixed in hot water. Roll to about 1-inch thickness, cut into shapes, and bake on a hot, greased griddle or heavy frying-pan, turning to brown. Split before serving, toast, and spread with butter or fruit preserve.

Continued on page 46

Mother of Triplets
Mrs. BARRETT
of PUNCHBOWL says:—



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USING A DOUBLE BOILER makes egg custard a smooth certainty, says Kathryn Kane, Universal star, pictured above. An unbreakable jug in a saucepan of boiling water gives the same result. Try it.

Home-tested recipes

● First prize this week goes to a savory cheer luncheon dish—easy to make—good to eat. Try it also in individual dishes as a dinner appetiser.

THESE columns are reserved each week for readers' recipe triumphs. Have you entered a recipe lately? Cash prizes awarded every week.

BAKED CHEESE PUFF

One cup diced boiled bacon or ham, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 slice bread 1 in. thick, 4 oz. cheese, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Melt fat in heavy pan, add bacon (or ham) and onion. Fry 3 or 4 minutes, stirring well. Place in a greased casserole. Crumble bread and combine with thinly sliced cheese, beaten egg-yolks, salt, pepper, butter, and heated milk. Stand 20 minutes. Add parsley and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into mixture in casserole, bake in a slow oven (325deg. F.) until set—45 to 50 minutes. Serve very hot.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Bergman, Liverthorpe St., Zeehan, Tas.

SAVORY VEAL AND MACARONI

One and a half pounds veal steak, 1 pint water (or vegetable or meat stock), 4 bacon rashers, 1 lemon, 1 onion, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 2 cups cooked macaroni, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Cut steak in service-sized pieces and place on top of two bacon rashers in baking-dish. Slice lemon thinly and place on the meat; cover with balance of bacon. Add sliced onion and stock seasoned with salt and pepper. Cover dish and bake 1 1/2 to 2 hours in a moderate oven (350deg. F.). Remove meat, strain liquid, add meat extract, and thicken slightly. Pour over meat and serve with a border of macaroni sprinkled with grated cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. McHue, 196 Darby St., Cook's Hill, N.S.W.

QUICK APPLE CHARLOTTE

Four thin slices stale bread, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup bread-crumbs, 1 lb. cooking apples, 1 cup sugar, 2 cloves, 2 tablespoons water, piece of lemon rind, 1 teaspoon butter, cinnamon.

Peel and core apples, slice thinly. Simmer with water, sugar, cloves, and lemon rind until very soft. Remove cloves, add butter, and beat to a pulp.

Line a greased ovenware dish with sliced bread, spread thickly with golden syrup and grated lemon rind.

Pill with layers of apple puree sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Top with breadcrumbs, dust with cinnamon, and bake 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350deg. F.).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Gardiner, c/o 6 Jeffrey St., Port Pirie, S.A.

BUTTERSCOTCH TEA RING

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 oz. shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped raisins (or sultanas).

Filling: One tablespoon melted butter or margarine, one-third cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar and raisins or sultanas. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Roll out to 1 in. thickness, spread with combined filling ingredients. Moisten edges and roll up lengthwise, pressing ends together to form a ring. Gash at 1 in. intervals to expose filling. Brush with egg-white, sprinkle with brown sugar. Place on greased tray and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Ryder, Tweed St., Southport, Qld.

EASTER MOTIF

Continued from page 45

EASTER BUNS

One ounce compressed yeast, 1 cup warm water, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup shredded preserved lemon peel, 4 1/2 cups flour, 3 egg-yolks.

Soften yeast in water. Add scalded milk to salt, sugar, and melted shortening. Cool to lukewarm, and add yeast and 1 1/2 cups flour. Mix well and stand in warm place until well-risen and spongy. Add egg-yolks and remaining flour, chopped, seeded raisins, and lemon peel.

Knead lightly and stand aside in warm place until doubled in bulk. Roll out dough to 1 in. thickness, and cut into rounds. Place 1 1/2 inches apart on greased tray, and stand aside to rise again, about 15 minutes. Glaze the top of each bun with egg-white diluted with a little water. With a sharp knife, cut a cross in the top of each bun. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. Brush with honey or sugar and water, and if liked outline crosses with chopped nuts and return to oven for 1 minute. Makes about 2 dozen buns.



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For your health's sake learn how to relax mind and body

By SISTER MARY JACOB

PERIODS of rest are just as important in the pre-natal period as the work which keeps you occupied and the exercise you take.

In fact, periods of work and exercise should be alternated with short periods of rest.

It is therefore important that each one of you should learn how to relax mind and body.

Generally speaking, the art of relaxation is sadly neglected in our tense, present-day life. Therefore, those of you who find it difficult may have to train your minds and bodies in the art.

Deep breathing has a very calming and steadying effect on the nervous system, and regular, full, deep breaths taken at intervals during the day, outside in the open air when possible, have a very beneficial action on the nerves.

To relax properly you should loosen all clothing and lie down on a comfortable bed.

An easy way to begin to relax is to give a prolonged yawn, gradually

stretching the arms, legs, and body, then "letting go" the deep breath and the stretched muscles until all parts of the body feel relaxed, breathing quietly but deeply all the time, and getting the feeling that your body is resting heavily on the bed and that your limbs do not belong to you.

To lie relaxed right outside in the open, watching the clouds or the stars, will soon help you to drop all anxious fears and petty worries from your mind.

The power of relaxing at will is one of the best ways of gaining control of your mind, and you will find it of the greatest use to you during labor as well as in your waiting period.

You will be shown how to relax and have other factors for your well-being demonstrated at the pre-natal section of The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Room 10, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Times for interviews: 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Monday to Friday.

DIOSMA . . .

● Thrives in pots, tubs, or garden plot

Says OUR HOME GARDENER

NOW that autumn is here we can rely upon obtaining potted plants of this lovely little heath-like shrub, which produces, according to variety, tiny star-like flowers varying from snowy-white to deep shell-pink.

When in Western Australia some months ago I saw some magnificent examples of this shrub, which, under western conditions, grows to eight or nine feet compared with three to four feet at most (as a rule) in the east.

It grows as well in big pots or tubs as out of doors, and in late winter and very early spring, when most flowers are scarce, it is smothered with bloom. The foliage is pleasantly aromatic and the flowers are most useful for mixing with others for table decorations.

When grown in pots or tubs, diosma requires a mixture of fibrous loam with peat or leafmould and plenty of sharp sand. The shrubs should be cut hard back after flowering to induce good, bushy habit. New plants can be raised easily from cuttings taken when pruning.



MILLIONS OF STAR-LIKE pink flowers on a four-year-old diosma in the garden of Mrs. W. Club, South Perth, W.A.

Diosma is largely used in Western Australia for hedges, single specimens, and massing in shrubberies or plantations.

In recent years a new, deep shell-pink variety has been introduced which is much more colorful than the common white variety, diosma ericoides, and the mauve-pink variety, diosma pulchra.

In the eastern parts of Australia many nurserymen regard diosma as a lime-hater, but Western Australians say that it does quite well in their limestone country, and I saw many fine shrubs growing vigorously in such soil.

It needs an open, sunny position, but is very hardy and drought-resistant.

For Permanent Beauty



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There's no Wave Like a Eugene Wave

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Itch Germs Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny pores and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, Cracking, Bumps, Pimples, Burning, Ache, Ringworm, Furunculosis, Headaches, Pimples, Poo, Blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, money back on return of empty package. Get, guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

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For Skin Sorens, Pimples and Itch.

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one copy. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note: "Barko" in "Smith's" recently brought me between £5 and £6.
Three serials returned me £165.
For my last story, "The Darling of Small Town," I received £2/10/6.
In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ("Smith's" and "The Bulletin") to the amount of £7/15/-; which, I think, is rather satisfactory.
I have had three articles accepted by B.O. and broadcast by the A.B.C.
"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Barko," I received £4/10/6 for it.
I have just received a cheque for £4/10/6 from "The Bulletin" for my story, "Old George."
I received £5 for my first story, "Twin Ships," and for "Tilly Pulls Through," £4/4/-.

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Push Kibex With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine
Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—improves faulty kidney action in double quick time, as if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Gout, Leg Pains, Disinfection, Cystitis, Urinary Tract Infection, Puffy Ankles or Swollen Feet, or any other ailment connected with the kidneys, you will find Cystex the most effective remedy.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways
The Cystex treatment is highly scientific. It is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clear kidneys and bladder and to remove acid and poison from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful, drastic or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in three ways to end your troubles:—
1. It kills the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder, and urinary tract in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. It gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisons which with which your system has become saturated.
3. It purifies and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of rheumatism on the delicate filter organs, and stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman
"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a difference to me. I am feeling splendid, can do my work, run about, and walk miles off my feet. I have no pains anywhere. I feel like the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaints."—(Signed) J. Thompson, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Now Able to Walk Without Stick
"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, which was bad and back in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have now two bottles of Cystex and I have no pains anywhere. I feel like the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaints."—(Signed) J. Thompson, Newcastle, N.S.W.

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CLOSE-UP of the shopping bag showing the clever way in which colorful odd buttons are placed to form a lovely floral design. It is quite attractive enough to take into town, too. And because it is so roomy it will hold all your bits and pieces of shopping, and not display them to the world.

GAY DECORATIVE SHOPPING BAG

- Make this attractive shopping bag for yourself and decorate it ingeniously with the odd buttons you have in your workbox.

HERE is a shopping bag that is decorative as well as useful. It is very roomy and will comfortably hold all your requirements. The bag measures 9in. x 13in. and is made in such a way that the sides extend beyond the gusset ends, making access easier.

The bag illustrated was made in a deep wine hessian with a crisp

cross border trimming of pale blue wool.

Most eye-catching is the unusual design on the front of the bag made up of colored buttons in all shapes and sizes. These are patterned in the shape of a laurel wreath. The leaves and stems of the button flowers are embroidered in green wool, and the result is, as you can see, most attractive.

The inside of the bag is lined with a gay-colored chintz, although any material will do, depending on what odds and ends you have in your scrap bag.

Problems of hereditary diabetes

By MEDICO

I HAD diagnosed diabetes in Mavis Gray (now an attractive twenty-two) when she was a little girl of six. Insulin and a regular diet had enabled her to develop into the charming young woman she is today.

She came to me the other day, however, with a problem: "I'm getting married, doctor," she said, "and I'd like you to tell me whether diabetes is hereditary."

"Well," I said, "that depends on the health of your intended husband. Should he be diabetic, the outlook becomes more serious."

"With diabetes on both sides of a proposed marriage, the chances of diabetes in the children are about one to two. That means that half the children of the marriage would be almost certain to be diabetic."

"What chance would there be of my children having diabetes if the weakness is only on my side?" asked Mavis.

"It is difficult to give a definite figure, but in my experience I would say that the chances are about one in six," I replied. "This is much less than if both parents were diabetics, but you can see that diabetes is definitely an hereditary disease."

"Will my diabetes get worse, if I have a baby?" asked Mavis.

"While you are actually carrying, it will get worse," I explained, "but it will improve after the babe is born

to a degree even better than it was before. The babe will be larger than usual, but this can be overcome by bringing it into the world a month earlier than usual.

"Bearing these facts in mind, with adequate care and proper attention there is not the slightest reason why your children should be handicapped by your diabetic condition."

"Thank you, doctor," said Mavis. "I feel more enlightened and much happier about the future."

"I'm very happy to have been of some help to you," I replied as I walked with her to the door. "It would be much better if all such problems of prospective marriages were discussed in the consulting-room."

Miss Precious

Minutes says:

PLACE old jar rubbers under flower-pots on the window sill. It prevents them from slipping.

ABOUT those worn bath towels. Cut out the non-woven pieces to the size of hand towels, and then hem them. You'll find these small towels invaluable, and so easy to launder.

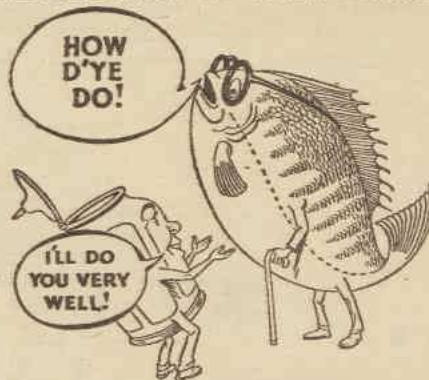
HAVE you several odd stockings that you don't know what to do with because their mates have run? Then dye them all the one color.



TOP DOG CLOTHES for MEN and BOYS



INTRODUCTION TO FINER EATING



You know, you've got a reputation for being rather common, which is quite undeserved. Served piping hot, and with me well hidden in the famous sauce, you'll be properly acclaimed at last. Excuse me for a moment, but here's the recipe:—

* Melt ½ oz. of butter in saucepan, stir in ½ oz. flour and add by degrees ½ pint of milk, stirring steadily. Bring to the boil, add 1½ teaspoonfuls made mustard. Boil for 5 minutes and add ½ teaspoonful salt.

So there you are, thanks to

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We know you would like more Mustard, but Service demands have priority.

M2.45

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BANISH GREYNESS and buy back 10 years of your life!

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● So desperate was the need of Australia's POW's for vitamin foods that the most appalling risks were run to secure supplies. In one recorded instance Japanese-held supplies of MARMITE, originally assembled by the British Government for jungle-fighting troops, were raided by daring young Australians to bring life-giving MARMITE to their sick and suffering mates!

Marmite



Here is one of the most dramatic stories of courage and comradeship to come out of World War II—and one of the greatest tributes that could possibly be paid to the vitamin-potency of MARMITE Vegetable Extract! Proving conclusively the value of this famous product as a nourishing and appetite-stimulating food it also shows why MARMITE should be served in every home—particularly where there are young and growing children, sick persons or elderly folk. Providing in abundance those elements that are so vital to health, MARMITE is as delicious as it is good—and being so highly concentrated it is most economical in use. Ask your grocer to save you a pot of MARMITE today! Increased supplies coming soon.

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massage with
Barry's Tri-coph-erous helps
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gredient which quickly gets to work
inside while the child is sleeping
and not only destroys any worms
present, but also prevents recur-
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in his sleep, don't listen to those
who say, "It's just constipation."
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delay, get SAN-O-LAX and start
your child easy. Children like
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asthma in 2 minutes, and builds new vigour
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MIDENE

The Australian Women's Weekly—April 20, 1946



FIRST STEP in choosing a new ensemble is to select a material of a
becoming color in a durable fabric that will not stretch or lose its shape.
You want to look your best, so take a tip from Marsha Hunt, MGM
player pictured above: Never buy haphazardly. If you can't find some-
thing to your liking the first day wait until another day when you can.



**Selection and care
of that
WINTER
OUTFIT**



WATCH fittings carefully and
insist on a final fitting so that the
suit will not have to go back after
it has been worn. In this way you
will save yourself lots of time and
unnecessary worry.

A HAT is a necessary factor to a
smart outfit, but not just any
hat. It's best to wear your
suit when selecting it. Never guess
the color—match it. Here Marsha
Hunt chooses a felt bonnet.



BUSY business girls will appreciate
this hint: Fold lengths of tape
over an ordinary hanger and pin
the skirt to this. This keeps the
hemline even, prevents wrinkling.



HANGING the jacket is just as
important as hanging the skirt.
Stop sag wrinkles in soft suits with
a strip of tape round the neck of
the hanger and pinned to the
revers of the suit.

YOU'LL FEEL rewarded when you
know your carefully planned en-
semble is perfect. The secret of its
success is to choose and co-or-
dinate a new ensemble carefully
and keep it spick and span.



Preference in Employment to Members of the Forces

Under the provisions of Part II of the Re-establish-
ment and Employment Act 1945, members and ex-
members of the Forces have been granted certain
rights to preference in employment.

Any member or ex-member of the Forces who believes
that he has not been accorded the rights to which he is
entitled under that Act, is invited to place the facts of
his case before the Commonwealth Attorney-General's
Legal Service Bureau, whose addresses and tele-
phone numbers are—

New South Wales:
4th Floor
Mercantile Mutual Building
117 PITT ST., SYDNEY
Telephone BW 2991

South Australia:
EPWORTH BUILDING
PIRIE ST., ADELAIDE
Telephone Central 6417

Tasmania:
153 MACQUARIE ST.
HOBART
Telephone Central 6653

Queensland:
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QUEEN STREET
BRISBANE
Telephone B 9124

Victoria:
318 POST OFFICE PLACE
MELBOURNE
Telephone Central 1061

Australian Capital Territory:
Crown Solicitor's Office
Commonwealth Offices
West Block
Telephone 631

Western Australia:
ATLAS BUILDING
8-10 THE ESPLANADE
PERTH
Telephone B 5658

Deputy Crown Solicitor's
Office, A.W.B. Building
CLEVELAND STREET
TOWNSVILLE
Telephone 1972

This Bureau was established in 1942 for the purpose
of furnishing legal service and advice to members of the
Forces, discharged members of the Forces, and the
dependants of such members and discharged members.
This Legal Service Bureau of the Attorney-General is
available for the assistance of both men and women.

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all day long!



Build your resistance to the
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An Actual User says:
"After I had undergone two
operations I was a nervous
wreck and couldn't get my
strength back. I tried several
tonics without success, in
the advice of my mother, who
had also derived benefit from
Clements Tonic, I got a bottle
and took it, and could feel
myself getting stronger...
I am now quite well again."
— MRS. E.T.
(Original letter on file for
inspection.) 1/126

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nerves are bad, and your
sleep poor, revitalize your
system, and enrich your
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ingredient it contains has
a definite purpose in re-
storing you to vigorous
cheerful health.



CLEMENTS TONIC



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